# The Gold Bug

## By Edgar Allan Poe

Edited by
Theda Gildemeister

764

SOUTHOLD UNION SCHOOL.

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## The Canterbury Classics

A Series of Supplementary Readers
edited under the general supervision of

KATHARINE LEE BATES

*Professor of English Literature in Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.*

*This edition of "The Gold Bug" agrees, except for a few omissions which in no sense affect the author's meaning, and which have been made for pedagogical reasons, with the standard text found in the Stedman & Woodberry edition of Poe's Complete Works, published by Herbert S. Stone & Co.*

# The Gold Bug

*By*

**Edgar Allan Poe**

*Edited by*

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*Illustrated by*

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**Rand, McNally & Company**

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THE series of Canterbury Classics aims to bear its share in acquainting school children with literature suited to their years. The culture of the imagination is no less important than the culture of memory and the reasoning power. That childhood is poor which has not for friends many of the goodly company represented by Hector, Achilles, Roland, Sigurd, My Cid, Don Quixote, Lancelot, Robin Hood, Percy, the Douglas, Gulliver, Puck, Rip Van Winkle, and Alice in Wonderland. College class-rooms, where Dante and Spenser, Goethe and Coleridge are taught, speedily feel the difference between minds nourished, from babyhood up, on myths of Olympus and myths of Asgard, Hans Christian Andersen, old ballads, the "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Arabian Nights," the "Alhambra," and minds which are still strangers to fairyland and hero-land and all the dreamlands of the world's inheritance. Minds of this latter description come almost as barbarians to the study of poetry, deaf to its music and blind to its visions. They are in a foreign clime. In the larger college of life, no less, is felt the lack of an early initiation into literature. A practical people in a practical age, we need the grace of fable to balance our fact, the joy of poetry to leaven our prose. Something of the sort we are bound to have, and if familiarity in childhood with the classic tone has not armed us against the cheap, the flimsy, the corrupt in fiction, we fall easy victims to the trash of the hour. We become the sport of those mocking elves who give dry leaves for gold.

This series must needs conform somewhat, in its choice of books, to the present demands of the schools. It will furnish all good reading that is desired, but it aims also to help in arousing a desire for the more imaginative and inspiring legends

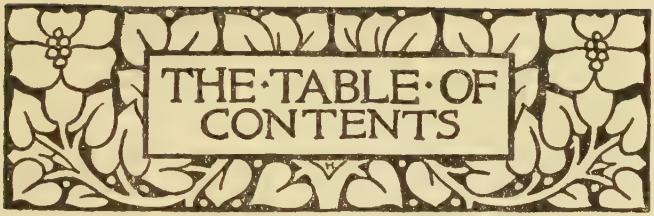
of the Aryan race. In the case of every volume issued the text of the authoritative edition will be faithfully reproduced.

These texts will be furnished with a modest amount of apparatus hidden away at the end of the book. It is the classic that is of importance. Often it may be best to disregard the notes. The series is addressed to children and aims to stimulate imagination, broaden sympathy, and awaken a love for literature. The editors strive to keep these aims in view and to avoid breaking the charm of the story by irrelevant and burdensome information. What is told is meant to be what a child would naturally like to know about the book that pleases him and the writer of the book. The biographical sketches emphasize, whenever it is appropriate, the childhood of the authors treated, and try throughout to give, by concrete illustration, impressions of personality and character. Special subjects sometimes call for special sketches, but, in general, the editorial work aims at quality rather than quantity. Knowledge which seems essential to intelligent reading, and which dictionary and teacher cannot reasonably be counted on to supply, has its place in notes, yet it is not forgotten that the notes exist for the sake of the literature, not the literature for the sake of the notes. Parents and librarians will appreciate the reading lists of books attractive to children, either by the author of the classic in hand or along the same lines of interest. Certain teachers, crowded and wearied with a variety of tasks, will welcome the section of suggestions.

We have ventured to associate this series with the memory of the sweetest and most childlike spirit in English song, hoping that little pilgrims of to-day, journeying by April ways, may find as much cheer in gentle stories as did the poet of the Canterbury Tales.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

*Wellesley College.*




For convenience in assigning lessons, this short story has been divided into two parts, and each part into sections, as follows:

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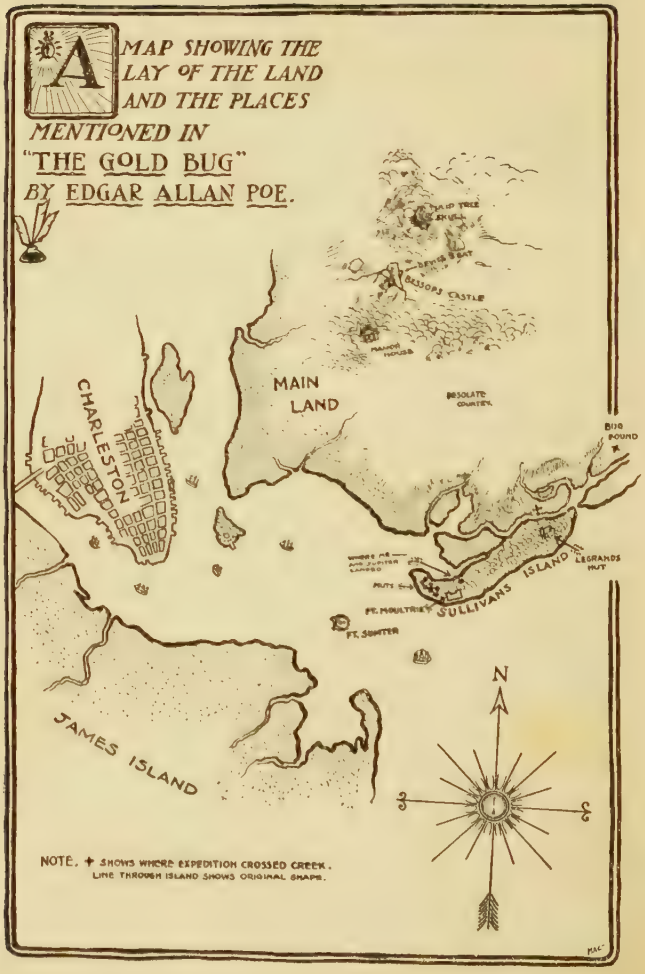

A MAP SHOWING THE LAY OF THE LAND AND THE PLACES MENTIONED IN "THE GOLD BUG" BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.
MAIN LAND
CHARLESTON
SULLIVANS ISLAND
JAMES ISLAND
FT. MOULTRIE
FT. SUMTER
BISHOPS CASTLE
DESOLATE COUNTRY
BIG MOUND
LEGRANDS HUT
N
NOTE. + SHOWS WHERE EXPEDITION CROSSED CREEK. LINE THROUGH ISLAND SHOWS ORIGINAL SHAPE.

# THE GOLD BUG

## Part I.

## THE MYSTERY

"What ho! what ho! this fellow is dancing mad!
He hath been bitten by the Tarantula."

—*All in the Wrong.*

### I. The Scarabæus.

MANY years ago I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. William Legrand. He was of an ancient Huguenot family, and had once been wealthy; but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want. To avoid the mortification consequent upon his disasters, he left New Orleans, the city of his forefathers, and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina.

This island is a very singular one. It consists of little else than the sea sand, and is about three miles long. Its breadth at no point exceeds a quarter of a mile. It is separated from the mainland by a scarcely perceptible creek, oozing its way through a wilderness of reeds and slime, a favorite resort of the marsh-hen. The vegetation, as might be supposed, is scant, or at least dwarfish. No trees of any magnitude are to be seen. Near the western extremity, where Fort Moultrie stands, and where are some miserable

frame buildings, tenanted during summer by the fugitives from Charleston dust and fever, may be found, indeed, the bristly palmetto; but the whole island, with the exception of this western point, and a line of hard, white beach on the sea-coast, is covered with a dense undergrowth of the sweet myrtle, so much prized by the horticulturists of England. The shrub here often attains the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and forms an almost impenetrable coppice, burdening the air with its fragrance.

In the inmost recesses of this coppice, not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had built himself a small hut, which he occupied when I first, by mere accident, made his acquaintance. This soon ripened into friendship — for there was much in the recluse to excite interest and esteem. I found him well educated, with unusual powers of mind, but infected with misanthropy, and subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy. He had with him many books, but rarely employed them. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the beach and through the myrtles, in quest of shells or entomological specimens; — his collection of the latter might have been envied by a Swammerdamm. In these excursions he was usually accompanied by an old negro, called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverses of the family, but who could be induced, neither

by threats nor by promises, to abandon what he considered his right of attendance upon the footsteps of his young "Massa Will." It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to instill this obstinacy into Jupiter, with a view to the supervision and guardianship of the wanderer.

The winters in the latitude of Sullivan's Island are seldom very severe, and in the fall of the year it is a rare event indeed when a fire is considered necessary. About the middle of October, 18—, there occurred, however, a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled my way through the evergreens to the hut of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks —my residence being at that time in Charleston, a distance of nine miles from the island, while the facilities of passage and re-passage were very far behind those of the present day. Upon reaching the hut I rapped, as was my custom, and getting no reply, sought for the key where I knew it was secreted, unlocked the door and went in. A fine fire was blazing upon the hearth. It was a novelty, and by no means an ungrateful one. I threw off an overcoat, took an arm-chair by the crackling logs, and awaited patiently the arrival of my hosts.

Soon after dark they arrived, and gave me a most cordial welcome. Jupiter, grinning from ear to ear, bustled about to prepare some marsh-

hens for supper. Legrand was in one of his fits — how else shall I term them? — of enthusiasm. He had found an unknown bivalve, forming a new genus, and, more than this, he had hunted down and secured, with Jupiter's assistance, a *scarabæus* which he believed to be totally new, but in respect to which he wished to have my opinion on the morrow.

"And why not to-night?" I asked, rubbing my hands over the blaze.

"Ah, if I had only known you were here!" said Legrand, "but it's so long since I saw you; and how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit this very night of all others? As I was coming home I met Lieutenant G——, from the fort, and, very foolishly, I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning. Stay here to-night, and I will send Jup down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation!"

"What — sunrise?"

"Nonsense! no! — the bug. It is of a brilliant gold color — about the size of a large hickory-nut — with two jet black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other. The *antennæ* are——"

"Dey aint *no* tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a tellin on you," here interrupted Jupiter; "de bug is a goole-bug, solid, ebery bit of him, inside and all, sep him wing — neber feel half so hebby a bug in my life."

"Well, suppose it is, Jup," replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed to me, than the case demanded, "is that any reason for your letting the birds burn? The color"—here he turned to me—"is really almost enough to warrant Jupiter's idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic lustre than the scales emit—but of this you cannot judge till to-morrow. In the meantime I can give you some idea of the shape." Saying this, he seated himself at a small table, on which were a pen and ink, but no paper. He looked for some in a drawer, but found none.

"Never mind," said he at length, "this will answer;" and he drew from his waistcoat pocket a scrap of what I took to be very dirty foolscap, and made upon it a rough drawing with the pen. While he did this, I retained my seat by the fire, for I was still chilly. When the design was complete, he handed it to me without rising. As I received it, a low growl was heard, succeeded by a scratching at the door. Jupiter opened it, and a large Newfoundland, belonging to Legrand, rushed in, leaped upon my shoulders, and loaded me with caresses; for I had shown him much attention during previous visits. When his gambols were over, I looked at the paper, and, to speak the truth, found myself not a little puzzled at what my friend had depicted.

"Well!" I said, after contemplating it for some minutes, "this *is* a strange *scarabæus*, I must confess; new to me; never saw anything like it

*"This is a strange scarabæus, I must confess"*

before — unless it was a skull, or a death's-head, which it more nearly resembles than anything else that has come under *my* observation."

"A death's-head!" echoed Legrand. "Oh — yes — well, it has something of that appearance upon paper, no doubt. The two upper black spots look like eyes, eh? and the longer one at the bottom like a mouth — and then the shape of the whole is oval."

"Perhaps so," said I; "but, Legrand, I fear you are no artist. I must wait until I see the beetle itself, if I am to form any idea of its personal appearance."

"Well, I don't know," said he, a little nettled; "I draw tolerably — *should* do it at least — have had good masters, and flatter myself that I am not quite a blockhead."

"But, my dear fellow, you are joking then," said I; "this is a very passable *skull*,— indeed, I may say that it is a very *excellent* skull, according to the vulgar notions about such specimens of physiology — and your *scarabæus* must be the queerest *scarabæus* in the world if it resembles it. Why, we may get up a very thrilling bit of superstition upon this hint. I presume you will call the bug *scarabæus caput hominis*, or something of that kind — there are many similar titles in the Natural Histories. But where are the *antennæ* you spoke of?"

"The *antennæ!*" said Legrand, who seemed to be getting unaccountably warm upon the subject;

"I am sure you must see the *antennæ*. I made them as distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient."

"Well, well," I said, "perhaps you have — still I don't see them;" and I handed him the paper without additional remark, not wishing to ruffle his temper; but I was much surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill-humor puzzled me — and, as for the drawing of the beetle, there were positively *no antennæ* visible, and the whole *did* bear a very close resemblance to the ordinary cuts of a death's-head.

He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red — in another as excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself upon a sea-chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper; turning it in all directions. He said nothing, however, and his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to exacerbate the growing moodiness of his temper by any comment. Presently he took from his coat pocket a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a writing-desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his demeanor;

but his original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. As the evening wore away he became more and more absorbed in revery, from which no sallies of mine could arouse him. It had been my intention to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before, but, seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take leave. He did not press me to remain, but, as I departed, he shook my hand with even more than his usual cordiality.

## II. A Visit from Jupiter.

It was about a month after this (and during the interval I had seen nothing of Legrand) when I received a visit, at Charleston, from his man, Jupiter. I had never seen the good old negro look so dispirited, and I feared that some serious disaster had befallen my friend.

"Well, Jup," said I, "what is the matter now? — how is your master?"

"Why, to speak de troof, massa, him not so berry well as mought be."

"Not well! I am truly sorry to hear it. What does he complain of?"

"Dar! dat's it! — him nebber plain of notin — but him berry sick for all dat."

"*Very* sick, Jupiter! — why didn't you say so at once? Is he confined to bed?"

"No, dat he aint! — he aint find nowhar — dat's

just whar de shoe pinch — my mind is got to be berry hebby bout poor Massa Will."

"Jupiter, I should like to understand what it is you are talking about. You say your master is sick. Hasn't he told you what ails him?"

"Why, massa, taint worf while for to git mad about de matter — Massa Will say noffin at all aint de matter wid him — but den what make him go about looking dis here way, wid he head down and he soldiers up, and as white as a gose? And den he keep a syphon all de time ——"

"Keeps a what, Jupiter?"

"Keeps a syphon wid de figgurs on de slate — de queerest figgurs I ebber did see. Ise gittin to be skeered, I tell you. Hab for to keep mighty tight eye pon him noovers. Todder day he gib me slip fore de sun up, and was gone de whole ob de blessed day. I had a big stick ready cut for to gib him good beating when he did come — but Ise sich a fool dat I hadn't de heart arter all — he look so berry poorly."

"Eh? — what? — ah, yes! — upon the whole I think you had better not be too severe with the poor fellow — don't flog him, Jupiter — he can't very well stand it — but can you form no idea of what has occasioned this illness, or rather this change of conduct? Has anything unpleasant happened since I saw you?"

"No, massa, dey aint bin noffin onpleasant *since* den — 'twas *fore* den I'm feared — 'twas de berry day you was dare."

'How? what do you mean?"

"Why, massa, I mean de bug — dare now."

"The what?"

"De bug — I'm berry sartain dat Massa Will bin bit somewhere bout de head by dat goole-bug."

"And what cause have you, Jupiter, for such a supposition?"

"Claws enuff, massa, and mouff too. I nebber did see sich a bug — he kick and he bite ebery ting what cum near him. Massa Will cotch him fuss, but had for to let him go gin mighty quick, I tell you — den was de time he must ha got de bite. I didn't like de look ob de bug mouff, myself, no how, so I wouldn't take hold ob him wid my finger, but I cotch him wid a piece ob paper dat I found. I rap him up in de paper and stuff piece ob it in he mouff — dat was de way."

"And you think, then, that your master was really bitten by the beetle, and that the bite made him sick?"

"I don't tink noffin about it — I nose it. What make him dream bout de goole so much, if taint cause he bit by de goole-bug? Ise heerd bout dem goole-bugs fore dis."

"But how do you know he dreams about gold?"

"How I know? why, cause he talk about it in he sleep — dat's how I nose."

"Well, Jup, perhaps you are right; but to what fortunate circumstance am I to attribute the honor of a visit from you to-day?"

"What de matter, massa?"

"Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?"

"No, massa, I bring dis here pissel;" and here Jupiter handed me a note which ran thus:

"My Dear ——,

"Why have I not seen you for so long a time? I hope you have not been so foolish as to take offense at any little *brusquerie* of mine; but no, that is improbable.

"Since I saw you I have had great cause for anxiety. I have something to tell you, yet scarcely know how to tell it, or whether I should tell it at all.

"I have not been quite well for some days past, and poor old Jup annoys me, almost beyond endurance, by his well-meant attentions. Would you believe it? — he had prepared a huge stick, the other day, with which to chastise me for giving him the slip, and spending the day, *solus*, among the hills on the mainland. I verily believe that my ill looks alone saved me a flogging.

"I have made no addition to my cabinet since we met.

"If you can, in any way, make it convenient, come over with Jupiter. *Do* come. I wish to see you *to-night*, upon business of importance. I assure you that it is of the *highest* importance.

"Ever yours,

"William Legrand."

There was something in the tone of this note which gave me great uneasiness. Its whole style differed materially from that of Legrand. What could he be dreaming of? What new crotchet possessed his excitable brain? What "business

of the highest importance" could *he* possibly have to transact? Jupiter's account of him boded no good. I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had, at length, fairly unsettled the reason of my friend. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the negro.

Upon reaching the wharf, I noticed a scythe and three spades, all apparently new, lying in the bottom of the boat in which we were to embark.

"What is the meaning of all this, Jup?" I inquired.

"Him syfe, massa, and spade."

"Very true; but what are they doing here?"

"Him de syfe and de spade what Massa Will sis pon my buying for him in de town, and de debbil's own lot of money I had to gib for em."

"But what, in the name of all that is mysterious, is your 'Massa Will' going to do with scythes and spades?"

"Dat's more dan *I* know, and I blieve 'tis more dan he know, too. But it's all cum ob de bug."

## III. Legrand's Demeanor.

Finding that no satisfaction was to be obtained of Jupiter, whose whole intellect seemed to be absorbed by "de bug," I now stepped into the boat and made sail. With a fair and strong breeze we soon ran into the little cove to the northward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of some

two miles brought us to the hut. It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous *empressement* which alarmed me and strengthened the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale even to ghastliness, and his deep-set eyes glared with unnatural lustre. After some inquiries respecting his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the *scarabæus* from Lieutenant G——.

"Oh, yes," he replied, coloring violently, "I got it from him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that *scarabæus*. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it!"

"In what way?" I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.

"In supposing it to be a bug of *real gold*." He said this with an air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexpressibly shocked.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he continued, with a triumphant smile, "to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it? Since Fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I have only to use it properly and I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index. Jupiter, bring me that *scarabæus!*"

"What! de bug, massa? I'd rudder not go fer trubble dat bug — you mus git him for your own self." Hereupon Legrand arose, with a grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from

a glass case in which it was enclosed. It was a beautiful *scarabæus*, and, at that time, unknown to naturalists—of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round black spots near one extremity of the back, and a long one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect was very remarkable, and, taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it; but what to make of Legrand's agreement with that opinion, I could not, for the life of me, tell.

"I sent for you," said he, in a grandiloquent tone, when I had completed my examination of the beetle, "I sent for you, that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of Fate and of the bug——"

"My dear Legrand," I cried, interrupting him, "you are certainly unwell, and had better use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will remain with you a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and——"

"Feel my pulse," said he.

I felt it, and, to say the truth, found not the slightest indication of fever.

"But you may be ill, and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place, go to bed. In the next——"

"You are mistaken," he interposed; "I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement

which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement."

"And how is this to be done?"

"Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills, upon the mainland, and, in this expedition, we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed."

"I am anxious to oblige you in any way," I replied; "but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills?"

"It has."

"Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding."

"I am sorry—very sorry—for we shall have to try it by ourselves."

"Try it by yourselves! The man is surely mad!—but stay—how long do you propose to be absent?"

"Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise."

"And will you promise me, upon your honor, that when this freak of yours is over, and the bug business settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicitly, as that of your physician?"

"Yes, I promise; and now let us be off, for we have no time to lose."

*"With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend"*

## IV. The Expedition.

With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about four o'clock — Legrand, Jupiter, the dog, and myself. Jupiter had with him the scythe and spades — the whole of which he insisted upon carrying, more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements within reach of his master, than from any excess of industry or complaisance. His demeanor was dogged in the extreme, and "dat deuced bug" were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part, I had charge of a couple of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the *scarabæus*, which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whip-cord, twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjuror, as he went. When I observed this last, plain evidence of my friend's aberration of mind, I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy, at least for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a chance of success. In the meantime I endeavored, but all in vain, to sound him in regard to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor importance, and to all my questions vouchsafed no other reply than "We shall see!"

We crossed the creek at the head of the island

by means of a skiff, and, ascending the high grounds on the shore of the mainland, proceeded in a north-westerly direction, through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate, where no trace of a human footstep was to be seen. Legrand led the way with decision; pausing only for an instant, here and there, to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks of his own contrivance upon a former occasion.

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of table-land, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

The natural platform to which we had clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for the scythe; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an enormously tall tulip tree, which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all, and all other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and

form, in the wide spread of its branches, and in the general majesty of its appearance. When we reached this tree, Legrand turned to Jupiter, and asked him if he thought he could climb it. The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some moments made no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it, and examined it with minute attention. When he had completed his scrutiny, he merely said:

"Yes, massa, Jup climb any tree he ebber see in he life."

"Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about."

"How far mus go up, massa?" inquired Jupiter.

"Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go — and here — stop! take this beetle with you."

"De bug, Massa Will! — de goole-bug!" cried the negro, drawing back in dismay — "what for mus tote de bug way up de tree?"

"If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why, you can carry it up by this string — but, if you do not take it up with you in some way, I shall be under the necessity of ——"

"What de matter now, massa?" said Jup, evidently shamed into compliance; "always want for to raise fuss wid old nigger. Was only funnin anyhow. *Me* feered de bug! what I keer for de

bug?" Here he took cautiously hold of the extreme end of the string, and, maintaining the insect as far from his person as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend the tree.

## V. The Tulip Tree.

In youth, the tulip tree, or *Liriodendron tulipifera*, the most magnificent of American foresters, has a trunk peculiarly smooth, and often rises to a great height without lateral branches; but, in its riper age, the bark becomes gnarled and uneven, while many short limbs make their appearance on the stem. Thus the difficulty of ascension, in the present case, lay more in semblance than in reality. Embracing the huge cylinder, as closely as possible, with his arms and knees, seizing with his hands some projections, and resting his naked toes upon others, Jupiter, after one or two narrow escapes from falling, at length wriggled himself into the first great fork, and seemed to consider the whole business as virtually accomplished. The *risk* of the achievement was, in fact, now over, although the climber was some sixty or seventy feet from the ground.

"Which way mus go now, Massa Will?" he asked.

"Keep up the largest branch,—the one on this side," said Legrand. The negro obeyed him promptly, and apparently with but little trouble; ascending higher and higher, until no glimpse of

his squat figure could be obtained through the dense foliage which enveloped it. Presently his voice was heard in a sort of halloo.

"How much fudder is got for go?"

"How high up are you?" asked Legrand.

"Ebber so fur," replied the negro; "can see de sky fru de top ob de tree."

"Never mind the sky, but attend to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?"

"One, two, three, four, fibe—I done pass fibe big limb, massa, pon dis side."

"Then go one limb higher."

In a few minutes the voice was heard again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

"Now, Jup," cried Legrand, evidently much excited, "I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange, let me know."

By this time what little doubt I might have entertained of my poor friend's insanity was put finally at rest. I had no alternative but to conclude him stricken with lunacy, and I became seriously anxious about getting him home. While I was pondering upon what was best to be done, Jupiter's voice was again heard.

"Mos feerd for to ventur pon dis limb berry far—'tis dead limb putty much all de way."

"Did you say it was a *dead* limb, Jupiter?" cried Legrand, in a quavering voice.

"Yes, massa, him dead as de door-nail — done up for sartin — done departed dis here life."

"What in the name of heaven shall I do?" asked Legrand, seemingly in the greatest distress.

"Do!" said I, glad of an opportunity to interpose a word, "why, come home and go to bed. Come now! — that's a fine fellow. It's getting late, and, besides, you remember your promise."

"Jupiter," cried he, without heeding me in the least, "do you hear me?"

"Yes, Massa Will, hear you ebber so plain."

"Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it *very* rotten."

"Him rotten, massa, sure nuff," replied the negro in a few moments, "but not so berry rotten as mought be. Mought ventur out leetle way pon de limb by myself, dat's true."

"By yourself! — What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean de bug. 'Tis *berry* hebby bug. Spose I drop him down fuss, and den de limb won't break wid just de weight ob one nigger."

"You scoundrel!" cried Legrand, apparently much relieved, "what do you mean by telling me such nonsense as that? As sure as you drop that beetle I'll—— Look here, Jupiter! do you hear me?"

"Yes, massa, needn't hollo at poor nigger dat style."

"Well! now listen! — if you will venture out

*"Lor-a-marcy! what is dis here pon de tree?"*

on the limb as far as you think safe, and not let go the beetle, I'll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down."

"I'm gwine, Massa Will — deed I is," replied the negro very promptly — "mos out to the eend now."

"*Out to the end!*" here fairly screamed Legrand; "do you say you are out to the end of that limb?"

"Soon be to de eend, massa, — o-o-o-o-oh! Lor-a-marcy! what *is* dis here pon de tree?"

"Well!" cried Legrand, highly delighted, "what is it?"

"Why, taint noffin but a skull — somebody bin lef him head up de tree, and de crows done gobble ebery bit ob de meat off."

"A skull, you say! — very well! — how is it fastened to the limb? — what holds it on?"

"Sure nuff, massa; mus look. Why, dis berry curous sarcumstance, pon my word — dare's a great big nail in de skull, what fastens ob it on to de tree."

"Well now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you — do you hear?"

"Yes, massa."

"Pay attention, then! — find the left eye of the skull."

"Hum! hoo! dat's good! why, dar aint no eye lef at all."

"Stupid! do you know your right hand from your left?"

"Yes, I nose dat — all bout dat — 'tis my lef hand what I chops de wood wid."

"To be sure! you are left-handed; and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose, you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?"

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked:

"Is de lef eye ob de skull pon de same side as de lef hand of de skull, too? cause de skull ain't got not a bit ob a hand at all — nebber mind! I got de lef eye now — here de lef eye! what mus do wid it?"

"Let the beetle drop through it, as far as the string will reach — but be careful and not let go your hold of the string."

"All dat done, Massa Will; mighty easy ting for to put de bug fru de hole — look out for him dar below!"

During this colloquy no portion of Jupiter's person could be seen; but the beetle, which he had suffered to descend, was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened, like a globe of burnished gold, in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly illumined the eminence upon which we stood. The *scarabæus* hung quite clear of any branches, and, if allowed to fall, would have fallen at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe, and cleared with it a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect,

and, having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down from the tree.

## VI. The Search for Treasure.

Driving a peg, with great nicety, into the ground, at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now produced from his pocket a tape-measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg, and thence further unrolled it, in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and the peg, for the distance of fifty feet — Jupiter clearing away the brambles with the scythe. At the spot thus attained a second peg was driven, and about this, as a center, a rude circle, about four feet in diameter, described. Taking now a spade himself, and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible.

To speak the truth, I had no especial relish for such amusement at any time, and, at that particular moment, would most willingly have declined it; for the night was coming on, and I felt much fatigued with the exercise already taken; but I saw no mode of escape, and was fearful of disturbing my poor friend's equanimity by a refusal. Could I have depended, indeed, upon Jupiter's aid, I would have had no hesitation in attempting to get the lunatic home by force; but I was too well

assured of the old negro's disposition to hope that he would assist me, under any circumstances, in a personal contest with his master. I made no doubt that the latter had been infected with some of the innumerable Southern superstitions about money buried, and that his fantasy had received confirmation by the finding of the *scarabæus*, or, perhaps, by Jupiter's obstinacy in maintaining it to be 'a bug of real gold.' A mind disposed to lunacy would readily be led away by such suggestions, especially if chiming in with favorite preconceived ideas; and then I called to mind the poor fellow's speech about the beetle's being "the index of his fortune." Upon the whole, I was sadly vexed and puzzled, but at length I concluded to make a virtue of necessity — to dig with a good will, and thus the sooner convince the visionary, by ocular demonstration, of the fallacy of the opinions he entertained.

The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work with a zeal worthy a more rational cause; and, as the glare fell upon our persons and implements, I could not help thinking how picturesque a group we composed, and how strange and suspicious our labors must have appeared to any interloper who, by chance, might have stumbled upon our whereabouts.

We dug very steadily for two hours. Little was said; and our chief embarrassment lay in the yelpings of the dog, who took exceeding interest in our proceedings. He at length became so

*"The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work"*

obstreperous, that we grew fearful of his giving the alarm to some stragglers in the vicinity; or, rather, this was the apprehension of Legrand; for myself, I should have rejoiced at any interruption which might have enabled me to get the wanderer home. The noise was, at length, very effectually silenced by Jupiter, who, getting out of the hole with a dogged air of deliberation, tied the brute's mouth up with one of his suspenders, and then returned, with a grave chuckle, to his task.

When the time mentioned had expired, we had reached a depth of five feet, and yet no signs of any treasure became manifest. A general pause ensued, and I began to hope that the farce was at an end. Legrand, however, although evidently much disconcerted, wiped his brow thoughtfully and recommenced. We had excavated the entire circle of four feet diameter, and now we slightly enlarged the limit, and went to the further depth of two feet. Still nothing appeared. The gold-seeker, whom I sincerely pitied, at length clambered from the pit, with the bitterest disappointment imprinted upon every feature, and proceeded, slowly and reluctantly, to put on his coat, which he had thrown off at the beginning of his labor. In the meantime I made no remark. Jupiter, at a signal from his master, began to gather up his tools. This done, and the dog having been unmuzzled, we turned in profound silence towards home.

## VII. The Treasure Found.

We had taken, perhaps, a dozen steps in this direction, when, with a loud oath, Legrand strode up to Jupiter, and seized him by the collar. The astonished negro opened his eyes and mouth to the fullest extent, let fall the spades, and fell upon his knees.

"You scoundrel," said Legrand, hissing out the syllables from between his clenched teeth, "you infernal black villain! — speak, I tell you! — answer me this instant, without prevarication! — which — which is your left eye?"

"Oh, my, Massa Will! aint dis here my lef eye for sartain?" roared the terrified Jupiter, placing his hand upon his *right* organ of vision, and holding it there with a desperate pertinacity, as if in immediate dread of his master's attempt at a gouge.

"I thought so! — I knew it! hurrah!" vociferated Legrand, letting the negro go, and executing a series of curvets and caracoles, much to the astonishment of his valet, who, arising from his knees, looked mutely from his master to myself, and then from myself to his master.

"Come! we must go back," said the latter, "the game's not up yet;" and he again led the way to the tulip-tree.

"Jupiter," said he, when he reached its foot, "come here! was the skull nailed to the limb with the face outward, or with the face to the limb?"

"De face was out, massa, so dat de crows could get at de eyes good, widout any trouble."

"Well, then, was it this eye or that through which you dropped the beetle?"—here Legrand touched each of Jupiter's eyes.

"'Twas dis eye, massa—de lef eye—jis as you tell me," and here it was his right eye that the negro indicated.

"That will do—we must try it again."

Here my friend, about whose madness I now saw, or fancied that I saw, certain indications of method, removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell, to a spot about three inches to the westward of its former position. Taking, now, the tape-measure from the nearest point of the trunk to the peg, as before, and continuing the extension in a straight line to the distance of fifty feet, a spot was indicated, removed by several yards, from the point at which we had been digging.

Around the new position a circle, somewhat larger than in the former instance, was now described, and we again set to work with the spades. I was dreadfully weary, but, scarcely understanding what had occasioned the change in my thoughts, I felt no longer any great aversion from the labor imposed. I had become most unaccountably interested—nay, even excited. Perhaps there was something, amid all the extravagant demeanor of Legrand—some air of forethought, or of deliberation, which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and

now and then caught myself actually looking, with something that very much resembled expectation, for the fancied treasure, the vision of which had demented my unfortunate companion. At a period when such vagaries of thought most fully possessed me, and when we had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, we were again interrupted by the violent howlings of the dog. His uneasiness, in the first instance, had been evidently but the result of playfulness or caprice, but he now assumed a bitter and serious tone. Upon Jupiter's again attempting to muzzle him, he made furious resistance, and leaping into the hole, tore up the mould frantically with his claws. In a few seconds he had uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two complete skeletons, intermingled with several buttons of metal, and what appeared to be the dust of decayed woolen. One or two strokes of a spade upturned the blade of a large Spanish knife, and, as we dug further, three or four loose pieces of gold and silver coin came to light.

At the sight of these the joy of Jupiter could scarcely be restrained, but the countenance of his master wore an air of extreme disappointment. He urged us, however, to continue our exertions, and the words were hardly uttered when I stumbled and fell forward, having caught the toe of my boot in a large ring of iron that lay half-buried in the loose earth.

We now worked in earnest, and never did I pass

ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood, which, from its perfect preservation and wonderful hardness, had plainly been subjected to some mineralizing process — perhaps that of the bichloride of mercury. This box was three feet and a half long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, riveted, and forming a kind of trellis-work over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron — six in all — by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavors served only to disturb the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight. Luckily, the sole fastenings of the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back — trembling and panting with anxiety. In an instant a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lanterns fell within the pit, there flashed upwards, from a confused heap of gold and of jewels, a glow and a glare that absolutely dazzled our eyes.

I shall not pretend to describe the feelings with which I gazed. Amazement was, of course, predominant. Legrand appeared exhausted with excitement, and spoke very few words. Jupiter's countenance wore, for some minutes, as deadly a pallor as it is possible, in the nature of things, for any negro's visage to assume. He seemed stupe-

fied — thunder-stricken. Presently he fell upon his knees in the pit, and, burying his naked arms up to the elbows in gold, let them there remain, as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. At length, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, as if in a soliloquy:

"And dis all cum of de goole-bug! de putty goole-bug! de poor little goole-bug, what I boosed in dat sabage kind ob style! Aint you ashamed ob yourself, nigger? — answer me dat!"

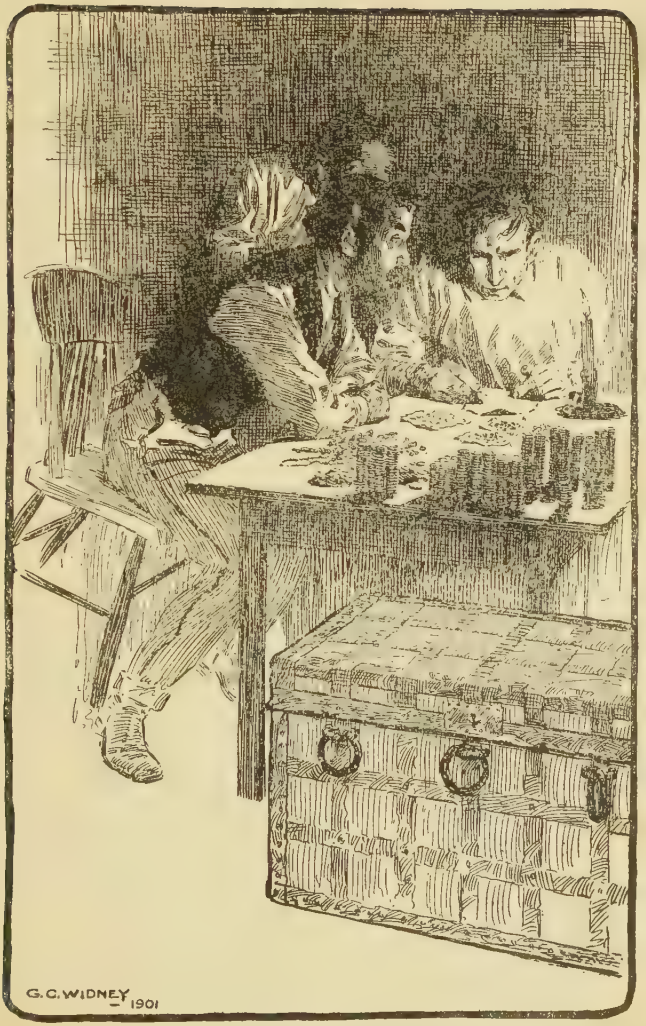
## VIII. At Home Again.

It became necessary, at last, that I should arouse both master and valet to the expediency of removing the treasure. It was growing late, and it behooved us to make exertion, that we might get everything housed before daylight. It was difficult to say what should be done, and much time was spent in deliberation — so confused were the ideas of all. We finally lightened the box by removing two-thirds of its contents, when we were enabled, with some trouble, to raise it from the hole. The articles taken out were deposited among the brambles, and the dog left to guard them, with strict orders from Jupiter neither, upon any pretense, to stir from the spot, nor to open his mouth until our return. We then hurriedly made for home with the chest; reaching the hut in safety, but after excessive toil, at one o'clock in the morning. Worn out as we were, it was not in human nature to do more just now. We rested until two, and

had supper, starting for the hills immediately afterwards, armed with three stout sacks, which by good luck were upon the premises. A little before four we arrived at the pit, divided the remainder of the booty, as equally as might be, among us, and, leaving the holes unfilled, again set out for the hut, at which, for the second time, we deposited our golden burdens, just as the first streaks of the dawn gleamed from over the tree-tops in the east.

We were now thoroughly broken down; but the intense excitement of the time denied us repose. After an unquiet slumber of some three or four hours' duration, we arose, as if by preconcert, to make examination of our treasure.

The chest had been full to the brim, and we spent the whole day, and the greater part of the next night, in a scrutiny of its contents. There had been nothing like order or arrangement. Everything had been heaped in promiscuously. Having assorted all with care, we found ourselves possessed of even vaster wealth than we had at first supposed. In coin there was rather more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars; estimating the value of the pieces, as accurately as we could, by the tables of the period. There was not a particle of silver. All was gold of antique date and of great variety: French, Spanish, and German money, with a few English guineas, and some counters, of which we had never seen specimens before. There were several very large and




*"We found ourselves possessed of even vaster wealth than we had at first supposed"*

heavy coins, so worn that we could make nothing of their inscriptions. There was no American money. The value of the jewels we found more difficulty in estimating. There were diamonds — some of them exceedingly large and fine — a hundred and ten in all, and not one of them small; eighteen rubies of remarkable brilliancy; three hundred and ten emeralds, all very beautiful, and twenty-one sapphires, with an opal. These stones had all been broken from their settings and thrown loose in the chest. The settings themselves, which we picked out from among the other gold, appeared to have been beaten up with hammers, as if to prevent identification. Besides all this, there was a vast quantity of solid gold ornaments: nearly two hundred massive finger and ear rings; rich chains — thirty of these, if I remember; eighty-three very large and heavy crucifixes; five gold censers of great value; a prodigious golden punch-bowl, ornamented with richly chased vine-leaves and Bacchanalian figures; with two sword handles exquisitely embossed, and many other smaller articles which I cannot recollect. The weight of these valuables exceeded three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; and in this estimate I have not included one hundred and ninety-seven superb gold watches; three of the number being worth each five hundred dollars, if one. Many of them were very old, and as time-keepers valueless, the works having suffered more or less from corrosion, but all were richly jeweled and in cases of

great worth. We estimated the entire contents of the chest, that night, at a million and a half of 1010 dollars; and upon the subsequent disposal of the trinkets and jewels (a few being retained for our own use), it was found that we had greatly undervalued the treasure.

*The Gold Bug*

## Part II.

## THE EXPLANATION

### I. The Parchment Found.

WHEN, at length, we had concluded our examination, and the intense excitement of the time had in some measure subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it.

"You remember," said he, "the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the *scarabæus*. You recollect, also, that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death's-head. When you first made this assertion I thought you were jesting; but afterwards I called to mind the peculiar spots on the back of the insect, and admitted to myself that your remark had some little foundation in fact. Still, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me — for I am considered a good artist — and, therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment, I was about to crumple it up and throw it angrily into the fire."

"The scrap of paper you mean," said I.

"No: it had much of the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such, but when I

came to draw upon it, I discovered it, at once, to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite dirty, you remember. Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up, my glance fell upon the sketch at which you had been looking, and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's-head just where, it seemed to me, I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this — although there was a certain similarity in general outline. Presently I took a candle and, seating myself at the other end of the room, proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it. My first idea, now, was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline — at the singular coincidence involved in the fact that, unknown to me, there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the *scarabæus*, and that this skull, not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence absolutely stupefied me for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connection — a sequence of cause and effect — and, being unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But, when I recovered from this stupor, there dawned upon me

gradually a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been *no* drawing on the parchment when I made my sketch of the *scarabæus*. I became perfectly certain of this; for I recollected turning up first one side and then the other, in search of the cleanest spot. Had the skull been then there, of course, I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain; but, even at that early moment, there seemed to glimmer, faintly, within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect, a glow-worm-like conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration. I arose at once, and, putting the parchment securely away, dismissed all farther reflection until I should be alone.

"When you had gone, and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the *scarabæus* was on the coast of the main-land, about a mile eastward of the island, and but a short distance above high-water mark. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown towards him, looked about him for a leaf, or something of that nature, by

which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine also, fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half-buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where we found it, I observed the remnants of the hull of what appeared to have been a ship's long boat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a very great while; for the resemblance to boat timbers could scarcely be traced.

"Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it, and gave it to me. Soon afterwards we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G——. I showed him the insect, and he begged me to let him take it to the fort. On my consenting, he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat pocket, without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind, and thought it best to make sure of the prize at once —you know how enthusiastic he is on all subjects connected with Natural History. At the same time, without being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

"You remember that when I went to the table, for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle, I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer, and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find an old letter, when my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus

detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession; for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

## II. The Invisible Writing.

"No doubt you will think me fanciful — but I had already established a kind of *connection*. I had put together two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying upon a sea-coast, and not far from the boat was a parchment — *not a paper* — with a skull depicted on it. You will, of course, ask 'Where is the connection?' I reply that the skull, or death's-head, is the well-known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death's-head is hoisted in all engagements.

"I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper. Parchment is durable — almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment; since, for the mere ordinary purposes of drawing or writing, it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning — some relevancy — in the death's-head. I did not fail to observe, also, the *form* of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been by some accident destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just such a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum — for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved."

"But," I interposed, "you say that the skull was *not* upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How then do you trace any connection between the boat and the skull — since this latter, according to your own admission, must have been designed (God only knows how or by whom) at some period subsequent to your sketching the *scarabæus?*"

"Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery; although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure and could afford but a single result. I reasoned, for example, thus: When I drew the *scarabæus*, there was no skull apparent on the parchment. When I had completed the drawing I gave it to you, and observed you narrowly until you returned it. *You*, therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And nevertheless it was done.

"At this stage of my reflections I endeavored to remember, and *did* remember, with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (O rare and happy accident!), and a fire was blazing on the hearth. I was heated with exercise and sat near the table. You, however, had drawn a chair close to the chimney. Just as I placed the parchment in your hand, and you were in the act of inspecting it, Wolf, the Newfoundland, entered, and leaped upon your shoulders. With

your left hand you caressed him and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees, and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about to caution you, but, before I could speak, you had withdrawn it, and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that *heat* had been the agent in bringing to light, on the parchment, the skull which I saw designed on it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist, and have existed time out of mind, by means of which it is possible to write on either paper or vellum, so that the characters shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffre, digested in *aqua regia*, and diluted with four times its weight of water, is sometimes employed; a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt, dissolved in spirit of nitre, gives a red. These colors disappear at longer or shorter intervals after the material written upon cools, but again become apparent upon the reapplication of heat.

"I now scrutinized the death's-head with care. Its outer edges — the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum — were far more *distinct* than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been imperfect or unequal. I immediately kindled a fire, and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat. At

first, the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull; but, on persevering in the experiment, there became visible, at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death's-head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid."

"Ha! ha!" said I, "to be sure I have no right to laugh at you — a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth — but you are not about to establish a third link in your chain: you will not find any especial connection between your pirates and a goat; pirates, you know, have nothing to do with goats; they appertain to the farming interest."

"But I have just said that the figure was *not* that of a goat."

"Well, a kid, then — pretty much the same thing."

"Pretty much, but not altogether," said Legrand. "You may have heard of one *Captain* Kidd. I at once looked upon the figure of the animal as a kind of punning or hieroglyphical signature. I say signature, because its position upon the vellum suggested this idea. The death's-head at the corner diagonally opposite had, in the same manner, the air of a stamp, or seal. But I was sorely put out by the absence of all else — of the body to my imagined instrument — of the text for my context."

"I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature."

"Something of that kind. The fact is, I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentiment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps, after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief: — but do you know that Jupiter's silly words, about the bug being of solid gold, had a remarkable effect on my fancy? And then the series of accidents and coincidences — these were so *very* extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was that these events should have occurred on the *sole* day of all the year in which it has been, or may be, sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without the intervention of the dog at the precise moment in which he appeared, I should never have become aware of the death's-head, and so never the possessor of the treasure?"

"But proceed — I am all impatience."

## III. The Cryptograph.

"Well; you have heard, of course, the many stories current — the thousand vague rumors afloat about money buried, somewhere on the Atlantic coast, by Kidd and his associates. These rumors must have had some foundation in fact. And that the rumors have existed so long and so continuously could have resulted, it appeared to me, only from the circumstance of the buried

treasure still *remaining* entombed. Had Kidd concealed his plunder for a time, and afterwards reclaimed it, the rumors would scarcely have reached us in their present unvarying form. You will observe that the stories told are all about money-seekers, not about money-finders. Had the pirate recovered his money, there the affair would have dropped. It seemed to me that some accident — say the loss of a memorandum indicating its locality — had deprived him of the means of recovering it, and that this accident had become known to his followers, who otherwise might never have heard that treasure had been concealed at all, and who, busying themselves in vain, because unguided, attempts to regain it, had given first birth, and then universal currency, to the reports which are now so common. Have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed along the coast?"

"Never."

"But that Kidd's accumulations were immense is well known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth still held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that I felt a hope, nearly amounting to certainty, that the parchment so strangely found involved a lost record of the place of deposit."

"But how did you proceed?"

"I held the vellum again to the fire, after increasing the heat, but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might

have something to do with the failure; so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and, having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downwards, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip, and, to my inexpressible joy, found it spotted, in several places, with what appeared to be figures arranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain another minute. Upon taking it off, the whole was just as you see it now."

Here Legrand, having reheated the parchment, submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced, in a red tint, between the death's-head and the goat:

53‡‡†305))6*;4826)4‡.)4‡);806*;48†8¶60))85;;]8*;:‡*8†83(88)5*†;46(;88*96*?;8)*‡(;485);5*†2:*‡(;4956*2(5*—4)8¶8*;4069285);)6†8)4‡‡;1(‡9;48081;8:8‡1;48†85;4)485†528806*81(‡9;48;(88;4(‡?34;48)4‡;161;:188;‡?;

"But," said I, returning him the slip, "I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me upon my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them."

"And yet," said Legrand, "the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be led to imagine from the first hasty inspection of the characters. These characters, as anyone might readily guess, form a cipher — that is to say, they convey a meaning: but then, from what is known

of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the more abstruse cryptographs. I made up my mind, at once, that this was of a simple species — such, however, as would appear to the crude intellect of the sailor, absolutely insoluble without the key."

"And you really solved it?"

"Readily; I have solved others of an abstruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances, and a certain bias of mind, have led me to take interest in such riddles, and it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve. In fact, having once established connected and legible characters, I scarcely gave a thought to the mere difficulty of developing their import.

"In the present case — indeed in all cases of secret writing — the first question regards the *language* of the cipher; for the principles of solution, so far, especially as the more simple ciphers are concerned, depend on, and are varied by, the genius of the particular idiom. In general, there is no alternative but experiment (directed by probabilities) of every tongue known to him who attempts the solution, until the true one be attained. But with the cipher now before us, all difficulty is removed by the signature. The pun upon the word 'Kidd' is appreciable in no other language than the English. But for this consideration I should have begun my attempts with the

Spanish and French, as the tongues in which a secret of this kind would most naturally have been written by a pirate of the Spanish main. As it was, I assumed the cryptograph to be English.

## IV. The Solution Begun.

"You observe there are no divisions between the words. Had there been divisions, the task would have been comparatively easy. In such case I should have commenced with a collation and analysis of the shorter words, and, had a word of a single letter occurred, as is most likely (*a* or *I*, for example), I should have considered the solution as assured. But, there being no division, my first step was to ascertain the predominant letters, as well as the least frequent. Counting all, I constructed a table thus:

"Of the character 8 there are 33

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ; | " | 26 |
| 4 | " | 19 |
| ‡ ) | " | 16 |
| * | " | 13 |
| 5 | " | 12 |
| 6 | " | 11 |
| ( | " | 10 |
| † 1 | " | 8 |
| 0 | " | 6 |
| 9 2 | " | 5 |
| : 3 | " | 4 |
| ? | " | 3 |
| ¶ | " | 2 |
| ] — . | " | 1 |

—Not given by Poe, but found in the cryptograph, and inserted to make the table complete.

"Now, in English, the letter which most frequently occurs is *e*. Afterwards, the succession runs thus: *a o i d h n r s t u y c f g l m w b k p q x z*. *E* predominates, however, so remarkably that an individual sentence of any length is rarely seen in which it is not the prevailing character.

"Here, then, we have, in the very beginning, the groundwork for something more than a mere guess. The general use which may be made of the table is obvious — but, in this particular cipher, we shall only very partially require its aid. As our predominant character is 8, we will commence by assuming it as the *e* of the natural alphabet. To verify the supposition, let us observe if the 8 be seen often in couples — for *e* is doubled with great frequency in English — in such words, for example, as 'meet,' 'fleet,' 'speed,' 'seen,' 'been,' 'agree,' etc. In the present instance we see it doubled no less than five times, although the cryptograph is brief.

"Let us assume 8, then, as *e*. Now, of all *words* in the language, 'the' is most usual; let us see, therefore, whether there are not repetitions of any three characters in the same order of collocation, the last of them being 8. If we discover repetitions of such letters, so arranged, they will most probably represent the word 'the.' On inspection, we find no less than seven such arrangements, the characters being ;48. We may, therefore, assume that the semicolon represents *t*, that 4 represents *h*, and that 8 represents *e* — the

last being now well confirmed. Thus a great step has been taken.

"But, having established a single word, we are enabled to establish a vastly important point; that is to say, several commencements and terminations of other words. Let us refer, for example, to the last instance but one, in which the combination ;48 occurs — not far from the end of the cipher. We know that the semicolon immediately ensuing is the commencement of a word, and, of the six characters succeeding this 'the,' we are cognizant of no less than five. Let us set these characters down thus, by the letters we know them to represent, leaving a space for the unknown—

t eeth.

"Here we are enabled at once to discard the '*th*,' as forming no portion of the word commencing with the first *t*; since, by experiment of the entire alphabet for a letter adapted to the vacancy, we perceive that no word can be formed of which this *th* can be a part. We are thus narrowed into

t ee,

and, going through the alphabet, if necessary, as before, we arrive at the word 'tree,' as the sole possible reading. We thus gain another letter, *r*, represented by (, with the words 'the tree' in juxtaposition.

"Looking beyond these words, for a short distance, we again see the combination ;48, and

employ it by way of *termination* to what immediately precedes. We have thus this arrangement:

the tree ;4(‡?34 the,

or, substituting the natural letters, where known, it reads thus:

the tree thr‡?3h the.

"Now, if, in place of the unknown characters, we leave blank spaces, or substitute dots, we read thus:

the tree thr...h the,

when the word '*through*' makes itself evident at once. But this discovery gives us three new letters, *o*, *u*, and *g*, represented by ‡ ? and 3.

"Looking now, narrowly, through the cipher for combinations of known characters, we find, not very far from the beginning, this arrangement:

83(88, or egree,

which, plainly, is the conclusion of the word 'degree,' and gives us another letter, *d*, represented by †.

"Four letters beyond the word 'degree,' we perceive the combination,

;46(;88*.

"Translating the known characters, and representing the unknown by dots, as before, we read thus:

th.rtee.

an arrangement immediately suggestive of the word 'thirteen,' and again furnishing us with

two new characters, *i* and *n*, represented by 6 and *.

"Referring, now, to the beginning of the cryptograph, we find the combination

53‡‡†.

"Translating, as before, we obtain

. good,

which assures us that the first letter is *A* and that the first two words are 'A good.'

## V. The Cipher Read.

"To avoid confusion, it is now time that we arrange our key, as far as discovered, in a tabular form. It will stand thus:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 5 | represents | a |
| † | " | d |
| 8 | " | e |
| 3 | " | g |
| 4 | " | h |
| 6 | " | i |
| * | " | n |
| ‡ | " | o |
| ( | " | r |
| ; | " | t |

"We have, therefore, no less than ten of the most important letters represented, and it will be unnecessary to proceed with the details of the solution. I have said enough to convince you that ciphers of this nature are readily soluble, and to give you some insight into the *rationale* of their development. But be assured that the

specimen before us appertains to the very simplest species of cryptograph. It now only remains to give you the full translation of the characters upon the parchment, as unriddled. Here it is:

"'*A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat twenty-one degrees and thirteen minutes northeast and by north main branch seventh limb east side shoot from the left eye of the death's-head a bee-line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.*'"

"But," said I, "the enigma seems still in as bad a condition as ever. How is it possible to extort a meaning from all this jargon about 'devil's seats,' 'death's-heads,' and 'bishop's hotels'?"

"I confess," replied Legrand, "that the matter still wears a serious aspect, when regarded with a casual glance. My first endeavor was to divide the sentence into the natural division intended by the cryptographist."

"You mean, to punctuate it?"

"Something of that kind."

"But how was it possible to effect this?"

"I reflected that it had been a *point* with the writer to run his words together without division, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not over-acute man, in pursuing such an object, would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When, in the course of his composition, he arrived at a break in his subject which would naturally require a pause, or a point, he would be exceedingly apt to run his characters, at this place, more

than usually close together. If you will observe the MS., in the present instance, you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting on this hint, I made the division thus:

"'*A good glass in the Bishop's hostel in the Devil's seat — twenty-one degrees and thirteen minutes — north-east and by north — main branch seventh limb east side — shoot from the left eye of the death's-head — a bee-line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.*'"

"Even this division," said I, "leaves me still in the dark."

"It left me also in the dark," replied Legrand, "for a few days; during which I made diligent inquiry, in the neighborhood of Sullivan's Island, for any building which went by the name of the 'Bishop's Hotel'; for, of course, I dropped the obsolete word 'hostel.' Gaining no information on the subject, I was on the point of extending my sphere of search, and proceeding in a more systematic manner, when one morning, it entered into my head, quite suddenly, that this 'Bishop's Hostel' might have some reference to an old family, of the name of Bessop, which, time out of mind, had held possession of an ancient manor-house, about four miles to the northward of the Island. I accordingly went over to the plantation, and re-instituted my inquiries among the older negroes of the place. At length one of the most aged of the women said that she had heard of such a place as *Bessop's Castle*, and thought that she

could guide me to it, but that it was not a castle, nor a tavern, but a high rock.

"I offered to pay her well for her trouble, and, after some demur, she consented to accompany me to the spot. We found it without much difficulty, when, dismissing her, I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks—one of the latter being quite remarkable for its height as well as for its insulated and artificial appearance. I clambered to its apex, and then felt much at a loss as to what should be next done.

"While I was busied in reflection, my eyes fell on a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, perhaps a yard below the summit upon which I stood. This ledge projected about eighteen inches, and was not more than a foot wide, while a niche in the cliff just above it gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I made no doubt that here was the 'devil's seat' alluded to in the MS., and now I seemed to grasp the full secret of the riddle.

"The 'good glass,' I knew, could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word 'glass' is rarely employed in any other sense by seamen. Now here, I at once saw, was a telescope to be used, and a definite point of view, *admitting no variation*, from which to use it. Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases, 'twenty-one degrees and thirteen minutes,' and 'north-east and by north,' were intended as directions for the leveling

of the glass. Greatly excited by these discoveries, I hurried home, procured a telescope, and returned to the rock.

## VI. The Solution Proved.

"I let myself down to the ledge, and found that it was impossible to retain a seat upon it except in one particular position. This fact confirmed my preconceived idea. I proceeded to use the glass. Of course, the 'twenty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' could allude to nothing but elevation above the visible horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words, 'north-east and by north.' This latter direction I at once established by means of a pocket compass; then, pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of twenty-one degrees of elevation as I could do it by guess, I moved it cautiously up or down, until my attention was arrested by a circular rift or opening in the foliage of a large tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the centre of this rift I perceived a white spot, but could not, at first, distinguish what it was. Adjusting the focus of the telescope, I again looked, and now made it out to be a human skull.

"On this discovery I was so sanguine as to consider the enigma solved; for the phrase, 'main branch, seventh limb, east side,' could refer only to the position of the skull on the tree, while 'shoot from the left eye of the death's-head' admitted, also, of but one interpretation, in regard

*"I proceeded to use the glass"*

to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and that a bee-line, or, in other words, a straight line, drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through 'the shot' (or the spot where the bullet fell), and thence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite point—and beneath this point I thought it at least *possible* that a deposit of value lay concealed."

"All this," I said, "is exceedingly clear, and, although ingenious, still simple and explicit. When you left the Bishop's Hotel, what then?"

"Why, having carefully taken the bearings of the tree, I turned homewards. The instant that I left the 'Devil's seat,' however, the circular rift vanished; nor could I get a glimpse of it afterwards, turn as I would. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business, is the fact (for repeated experiment has convinced me it *is* a fact) that the circular opening in question is visible from no other attainable point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge on the face of the rock.

"In this expedition to the 'Bishop's Hotel' I had been attended by Jupiter, who had no doubt observed, for some weeks past, the abstraction of my demeanor, and took especial care not to leave me alone. But on the next day, getting up very early, I contrived to give him the slip, and went into the hills in search of the tree. After much toil I found it. When I came home at night my

valet proposed to give me a flogging. With the rest of the adventure I believe you are as well acquainted as myself."

"I suppose," said I, "you missed the spot in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull."

"Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the 'shot'—that is to say, in the position of the peg nearest the tree; and had the treasure been *beneath* the 'shot,' the error would have been of little moment; but the 'shot,' together with the nearest point of the tree, were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction; of course the error, however trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and by the time we had gone fifty feet, threw us quite off the scent. But for my deep-seated convictions that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labor in vain."

"I presume the fancy of *the skull*—of letting fall a bullet through the skull's eye—was suggested to Kidd by the piratical flag. No doubt he felt a kind of poetical consistency in recovering his money through this ominous insignium."

"Perhaps so; still, I can not help thinking that common sense had quite as much to do with the matter as poetical consistency. To be visible from the Devil's seat, it was necessary that the object, if small, should be *white;* and there is

nothing like your human skull for retaining and even increasing its whiteness under exposure to all vicissitudes of weather."

"But your grandiloquence, and your conduct in swinging the beetle — how excessively odd! I was sure you were mad. And why did you insist upon letting fall the bug, instead of a bullet, from the skull?"

"Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly, in my own way, by a little bit of sober mystification. For this reason I swung the beetle, and for this reason I let it fall from the tree. An observation of yours about its great weight suggested the latter idea."

"Yes, I perceive; and now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?"

"That is a question that I am no more able to answer than yourself. There seems, however, only one plausible way of accounting for them — and yet it is dreadful to believe in such atrocity as my suggestion would imply. It is clear that Kidd — if Kidd indeed secreted this treasure, which I doubt not — it is clear that he must have had assistance in the labor. But this labor concluded, he may have thought it expedient to remove all participants in his secret. Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient, while his coadjutors were busy in the pit; perhaps it required a dozen — who shall tell?"

# A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

IN 1815, if we could have visited Richmond, Va., we should have frequently heard of little Edgar Allan, then a boy of six — a slender though sturdy little lad — with pretty black curls and large dreamy eyes. Upon almost any summer day we might have seen him riding about the streets on his pony or running through the parks with his pet dog. And during the winter when Mr. and Mrs. Allan frequently entertained their friends, little Edgar was almost invariably called upon to assist.

A boy of six assist in entertaining a company of accomplished and cultured ladies and gentlemen? Indeed, the boy might have entertained them by the display of several accomplishments, for he could read, draw, and dance, but it was his declamatory power which most delighted Mr.

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NOTE: The conflicting opinions upon many points in Poe's life make rather difficult the task of writing a biography suited to sixth-grade students. An exhaustive biography has not been attempted; instead, the events have been chosen either to interest the students or to show the influences which made Poe the man he was. There is much opportunity for the teacher to do broad work here. For example, in studying English school-life, several classics may be suggested to the students for home reading, or, if not practicable, the teacher may read selections from each. The teacher should herself be thoroughly familiar with the complete life of Poe, as she may wish to supplement much of the work here given. *See also the appended Reading List.*

Allan. The words were often difficult and the thought beyond his comprehension, yet Edgar gave such correct emphasis and such charming intonation to his selections that all who heard him marveled at his talent.

Let us look into the room on one of these occasions. We see the massive furniture relieved by handsome silver and beautiful glassware, the lighted chandeliers reflecting rainbow hues from their numerous glass prisms, and about the long, narrow, oak dining table, already cleared of the various dinner courses, are seated elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen.

Little Edgar, richly dressed in a costume that accentuates his dark beauty, comes into the room and, with serious mien and delightfully well-bred ease, goes about the room greeting those of his father's guests whom he already knows.

At length Mr. Allan lifts him to the polished table which is to be his mimic stage. Without hesitation or embarrassment Edgar begins his little recitation. As he proceeds, many of his hearers speculate upon the precocious boy's future. Several of the guests know — what the lad has still to learn — that Mr. Allan is his foster-father only, and, as they listen to the boy's marvelous inflections and see his graceful gestures, they wonder whether he may not have inherited his talent from his parents, both of whom were actors, and whether *he* may not some day become a leading actor. Some think how fortunate he has been to be received into so beautiful a home where almost every wish is gratified, while others know that no luxury can compensate for his loss of an own mother's love.

As he concludes his pretty entertainment, he eagerly looks about for the compliments certain

to be showered upon him. Thus, early taught by circumstances to work for applause, it is not a matter of wonder that, as he grew older, he cared for little in life but praise — praise even to the verge of flattery.

Looking back upon these and following days, we cannot help wishing that Edgar had been sent — as was his brother William — to his grandfather in Baltimore. This grandfather, General David Poe, was an ardent patriot, having fought in the Revolutionary War, and later in the War of 1812. He was highly esteemed for his integrity of character as well as for his patriotic spirit. He was a strong, decisive man, honest and resolute, efficient in his discharge of duty, and generous in his country's cause. Had Edgar's sensitive spirit been influenced by such a character, how different might have been his life!

Edgar's adoptive parents were very proud of the brilliant boy, and showed this pride by injudiciously indulging, petting, and praising him, until, early in life, he acquired an imperious bearing that later created for him many enemies.

Soon after the evening on which Edgar so brilliantly entertained his father's dinner-guests, Mr. Allan was obliged to go to England. He might remain for several years, so he disposed of most of his household effects, and took with him his wife and her sister, as well as his adopted son. Edgar's happiness over the delightful journey was subdued by the thought of parting with his beloved pony and dog. Mr. Allan very thoughtfully purchased several books for the boy to read and study on board ship, since in those days the voyage was a long one.

Upon the arrival of the family in London, Edgar was sent to a school in a suburb of the

metropolis, so that he might frequently spend some time with his parents. The town — *Stoke-Newington* — in which the *Manor House School* was situated, had many associations which strongly appealed to young Edgar's impressionable nature. Here he learned to revere the past — in architecture, in history, in literature. The main street, shaded by arching elms already old and gnarled, had once been a Roman road. Other streets bore the names of the sovereigns, Henry and Elizabeth, and near them stood the houses of the Earls of Percy and Leicester. Here, too, had lived Lord Essex, the friend of Shakspere; and, on Saturday afternoons when the boys took their weekly walks, Edgar often gazed with awe at the old prison with its "thick walls, deep windows and doors, massive with locks and bars," within which De Foe had written "Robinson Crusoe."

The school itself was "old and irregular, sloping in the rear to the high brick wall, with its ponderous spiked and iron-studded gates which inclosed the playground." "There, in the long, narrow, low school-room, oak-ceiled, gothic-windowed, with its irregular black, jack-knife-hewed desks and the sacred corner-boxes for masters and ushers," Edgar Allan "conned his Latin and mispronounced his French."

In his essay entitled "William Wilson," in which are also described the school building and grounds, Poe says:

"But the house! — how quaint an old building was this! to me how veritably a palace of enchantment! There was really no end to its windings, to its incomprehensible subdivisions. It was difficult, at any given time, to say with certainty upon which of its two stories one happened to be. From each room to every other there were sure to be

found three or four steps either in ascent or descent. Then the lateral branches were innumerable, inconceivable, and so returning in upon themselves that our most exact ideas in regard to the whole mansion were not very far different from those with which we pondered upon infinity. During the five years of my residence here I was never able to ascertain with precision in what remote locality lay the little sleeping apartment assigned to myself and some eighteen or twenty other scholars."

Edgar was here ranked by his teachers as an especially clever boy, but one spoiled by "an extravagant amount of pocket money."

He was eleven years old when Mr. Allan, having completed his business in London, returned with his family to Richmond. Edgar now added his real name to that of Mr. Allan, and was henceforth called Edgar Allan Poe. He was sent to the famous school of Joseph Clarke, where he proved himself to be neither thorough nor studious, but so "quick and brilliant" that he soon ranked high in class work.

Formerly slender, Poe had, through his athletic sports in England, grown into a tough, robust boy, active in all outdoor sports. He was accounted a good runner and leaper, a fair boxer, and an excellent swimmer. The story of one swimming feat is still told. He was fifteen years old, when, in a hot June sun, against a very strong tide, he swam a distance of six miles in the James River and then walked home without showing any apparent fatigue.

While still at Stoke-Newington, Edgar had secretly written some little poems, but he openly indulged in this recreation at Mr. Clarke's school until he became known among the students as an

amateur poet of no mean order. He was also prominent in the debating society, leading, in fact, in whatever line of work he undertook.

"But neither his facile scholarship nor his aptness in quoting Latin hexameters and stringing English rhymes, nor his fame in the sports made him the favorite of the school. His aristocratic mates, it is said by one of themselves, remembered that he was sprung from the poor actors, and were averse to his leadership. Poe, too, partly it may be because he was aware of the reason for this slight but cutting ostracism, helped it by a defiant and irritable spirit that sometimes broke through the restraint of his well-bred manners. One who was counted nearer to him than the rest described him as 'self-willed, capricious, inclined to be imperious, and though of generous impulses, not steadily kind, or even amiable.' The indulgence to which he had been accustomed at home with its resulting lawlessness of nature, and his marked ability with its attendant intellectual pride, contributed somewhat to form this temper; but he was always reserved, a quality especially liable to misconstruction by boys, and in his youth, as in later life, he never formed the habit — he may not have had the power — of making intimate friends. No one, it would seem, ever knew him."

The years passed until in February, 1826, Poe was admitted as a student in the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. "He was now seventeen years old, somewhat short in stature, thickset, compact, bow-legged, with the rapid and jerky gait of an English boy; his natural shyness had become a fixed reserve; his face, clustered about by dark curly hair, wore usually a grave and melancholy expression, the look that comes

rather from the habit of reverie than any actual sadness, but his features would kindle with lively animation when, as frequently happened, he grew warm in his cause." "He was a member of the classes in Latin and Greek, French, Spanish, and Italian, and attended them regularly; but being facile rather than studious, he did not acquire a critical knowledge of these languages." It is to be regretted that he here fell in with a gay set of young men who spent much time in gambling. Poe contracted debts which Mr. Allan refused to pay, and, when at the Christmas vacation, in 1826, he came home, Mr. Allan refused to allow his return to school although he had won the highest honors in Latin and French. Instead, Poe was obliged to enter Mr. Allan's counting-room, but, having no taste for such work, and finding the confinement absolutely unbearable, he decided unaided to seek his fortune in the world of letters.

The youth who had never been trained to self-control or self-denial, was wholly unfit to meet life's hardships which now crowded thick and fast upon him. He immediately left Richmond for Boston the place of his birth and the city which his own mother had dearly loved. He prevailed upon a young unknown printer to publish a small volume of poems in which he called himself "a Bostonian." He was, however, wholly unknown in the city, and the poems not being in themselves sufficiently excellent to attract notice, there was nothing to create a sale of his book. Chagrined by his failure, he suppressed the book, and, looking about for some means of livelihood, decided to enter upon army life. He enlisted under the name of Edgar A. Perry in a company that was soon sent from Boston to Charleston, S. C., where Poe obtained the accurate knowledge

of this locality which he shows in "The Gold Bug."

Because of good behavior during this service Poe was promoted, and also urged by his superior officers, who recognized his talents, to try for admission to West Point. Through the kindness of his foster-father, Mr. Allan, Poe secured the desired appointment, but, as one might expect, the rigid discipline was especially galling to his unbridled nature, and it was not long before he deliberately committed offenses which resulted in his expulsion.

Poe had now disgraced Mr. Allan a second time and therefore resigned all hope of further assistance from him. As he had already made the acquaintance of his father's relatives in Baltimore, he now decided to locate there and enter upon literary work. He was fortunate in having his "A MS. Found in a Bottle" secure the one-hundred-dollar prize offered for the best short story sent to a newly started paper, *The Saturday Visitor*, but more fortunate in thereby obtaining the friendship of Mr. Kennedy, one of the judges. Mr. Kennedy gave Poe new clothing, a horse to ride, and free access to his table.

It was during his stay in Baltimore that Poe fell in love with his young cousin, Virginia Clemm, whom he married when she was scarcely fourteen years of age. She was very beautiful in disposition as well as in face, besides being highly accomplished in literature and music. Poe loved her very devotedly, feeling keenly all of her suffering, for, during the short decade that she blessed his home, her frail body was often racked by the consumptive's cough.

Poe was not a business man, and as his periods of melancholy, imperiousness, and irritability grew

worse he was unable to retain for any length of time either positions or friends. It is true that these periods were always followed by waves of remorse and self-condemnation, which, however, only further weakened him, for lacking the power of conquering self, he bemoaned his debility and wasted his energies in self-pity. The remainder of Poe's life had little of brightness. The constant struggle for bread, the frequent rejection of his writings, the meager sums paid for those that were accepted, the ridicule and unkind criticism often bestowed upon his labors, the repeated failures through his own frailty of character, to make and retain a place in the literary world, are better left untold.

Poe's contemporaries could not separate the man from his work sufficiently to recognize his marvelous genius, and it is only after the lapse of a half century that the work of this remarkable philosopher, poet, and critic is beginning to receive its just meed of praise. His mind was brilliant, logical, analytical, and artistic. He is really the originator of the modern detective and puzzle stories. His tales were translated into French, and so highly praised that French story-writers used them as models. These were then translated into English and were so satisfactorily received that Conan Doyle and other writers have patterned after them.

Poe's puzzle stories grew out of his real love for solving enigmas. He once wrote an essay for a magazine in which he tried to prove that all cryptographs were founded upon certain fixed laws. At the close of this article he said that he thought no one could devise a cipher which he could not by patience solve. As a consequence hundreds of puzzles were sent him for solution,

until he became so burdened that he could not do his regular work, and thus lost much money. But, as he said himself, if he failed to solve them, he would be published as an arrant boaster. He therefore solved every one, but wrote to each correspondent that he could not take time for further work of that sort, and explained the reason why.

Poe did yet more for American literature. He invented new principles and artistic methods of writing poetry. At first his own poetry was wanting in so many points that his principles were greatly ridiculed, but as he wrote more, and rewrote many of his poems, he became one of America's finest poets—if not the finest—in "conscious art." His poetry is noted for its weird and fanciful suggestiveness of things spiritual or intellectual, and for the marvelous music of the lines. Everyone knows "The Raven" and "The Bells," but there are many other poems equally enjoyed by students and older people.

Poe died when he was only forty years old, being unappreciated in America, as shown by Lowell, who says in his "Fable for Critics":

> "There comes Poe, with his Raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
> Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge,"

but considered in France the greatest of America's short-story writers, and in England our one discerning literary critic.

To-day America recognizes her brilliant son, and separating his erratic temperament from his literary work, accords him his proper place among those whose names have been registered in that *hall of fame* erected by the growing tastes of men and the judgments of history.

# SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

THE day has not only dawned, but is far advanced, when every thoughtful teacher studies the natural inclinations of her pupils, and, while keeping in mind the well-planned curriculum, strives to satisfy the children's interests.

Especially is this true in *reading*, where the taste changes with succeeding years—with succeeding months, indeed—and where the tastes of different children are as varied as are the classes of literature.

For several years the editor of this story has been studying the varying interests of children, and, although the results of her observations may not be those reached by others, she ventures to offer her views with the preceding story as a basis.

This study has shown that all modes of thought expression are especially entertaining to children in their fifth or sixth year of school. Boys exult in their slight knowledge of German, French, Spanish, and Italian, derived unconsciously from various sources. Both boys and girls have often been found voluntarily to forego other recreations for the pleasure of acquiring some familiarity with a foreign tongue. These children were also deeply interested in Old English, studying out some of the simpler of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" with as much eagerness as do many adult students. During these years, the boys—and often the girls—learn the telegraphic code, even setting up and using instruments in their homes.

On the street they signal each other by whistling

from the code, in imitation of Edison, who once used a locomotive whistle when a cable was broken. The dots and dashes are also used in note and even letter writing to one another.

At this stage of development, too, the child has an especial fondness for the extravagant and fantastic in speech. Every one can easily recall in his own experience the Pig Latin, the Dog Latin, the Vassar Latin, or the Gibberish in which he reveled in his childish days, and which the initiated could use and understand as easily as English.* Secret languages are even *originated* for use among an elect few.

De Quincey agrees in finding the age of twelve to fifteen to be the one where this love of secret language predominates. See his reference to the "Ziph Language" (in his autobiography, edited by Masson, Chapter VIII., pp. 201-208), used at the "Winchester School."†

Jean Ingelow, however, has the precocious children in "Off the Skelligs" plan a "universal language" at the tender ages of six and eight. Their learned talk of preterites frightens one tutor so greatly that he actually runs away.

At this time, also, children are found to be interested in Aztec, Indian, Egyptian, and Chinese picture writing.

The appearance of the "Youth's Companion," "St. Nicholas," and other similar magazines is

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* In case some teacher cares to make tests, samples of the various languages referred to are here given :

Dog Latin : Doves youves underves standves ? (Do you understand ?)

Pig Latin : Yesgray, Igray cangray undergray standgray. (Yes, I can understand.)

Vassar Latin : Cuc a nun wyno u dud o tut hash i sus ? (Can you do this ?)

Gibberish : Atwha ooda ooya inktha asha appenedha ? (What do you think has happened ?)

†Ziph : "Shagall wege gogo agawagay igin agan hougour ? (Shall we go away in an hour ?)"—*De Quincey.*

eagerly watched for, so that the puzzles, rebuses, etc., may be solved, or the answers to previous ones verified.

Experiments prove that at this period children can most readily be taught correct forms of English. A class of sixteen was especially tested in this; and a few minutes, daily, given to "criticisms," developed the fact that the pupils were watchful of public speakers, of people on the street, of one another, and finally, and *best of all*, of themselves. By the end of the year their English was almost perfect, although their vocabularies were limited.

This study led to the selection of Poe's "Gold Bug" as a classic which would meet all of these as well as other demands. It contains the following valuable features:

1. It satisfies the desire for "cipher."
2. While interesting in content, it is stimulating to mental activity.
3. The plot is simple, and logically developed.
4. The characters are few.
5. There is sufficient humor in Jupiter's conversation to attract even those children who usually show little interest in a reading exercise.
6. There is opportunity for dramatic talent in the dialogue parts. (Cultivation of oral expression.)
7. Above all, the English is excellent, and the vocabulary exceptionally large — two desirable qualities for children of the age considered.

These "Suggestions to the Teacher" should be carefully read before the story is assigned, as some of them should *precede* the use of the book.

Teachers will naturally do more or less of such work as is here suggested, but with no one class, in the editor's opinion, should *all* the suggestions be carried out. Many are given, since different teachers require different treatments of a subject in their respective schools, and it is hoped that each busy teacher who uses this book may find her especial needs met in some of the notes. It is understood

that each teacher will do much, little, or nothing, as she deems proper.

Many notes which might have been given the pupils are put here because the teacher can *tell* better than children can *read* an explanation. She can intersperse the narrative with questions, thus making the subject clearer and broader.

As many of the suggested experiments and explanations may better be done outside the reading class, where *reading* should be paramount, the notes have been grouped under different study heads, without, however, any thought that by this means a complete knowledge of language, arithmetic, or any other subject, can be obtained, but simply that in these classes much of the work helpful to reading may profitably be done. In many cases the note suggests a *method* of treatment as well as subject-matter to be given. In other cases only a hint is given.

The notes are so arranged that if a teacher prefers to do all the work in the reading hour she need pay no attention to the grouping, but can take the notes in the order called forth by the text, doing little or much, as before stated. The editor thought, also, of those teachers who often wish for material to use in "general lessons," and this work could as well be done there as under the different study heads given.

Some of the work should precede the reading, as we enjoy best that to which we carry knowledge or, as teachers say, "apply the law of apperception." In other cases the delightful feeling that *this story has given us new thoughts* should be fostered by saying, for example, after reading Section II. of Part II., "Yes. Didn't you know about invisible writing before? Would you like to make some experiments in it?" Then give experiments suggested in note 12.

Many methods of beginning the story are possible, but as the following proved successful, it alone is

given. The editor once introduced this story by handing each pupil a hektographed copy of the following cipher:

53‡‡†305))6*;4826)4‡.)4‡);806*;48†8¶60))85;;]8*;:‡*
8†83(88)5*†;46(;88*96*?;8)*‡(;485);5*†2:*‡(;4956*2(5*
—4)8¶8*;4069285);)6†8)4‡‡;1(‡9;48081;8:8‡1;48†85;4)
485†528806*81(‡9;48;(88;4(‡?34;48)4‡;161;:188;‡?;

She announced that the pupils would soon read a story in which a mystery was solved by a man's being able to make words from the signs and figures before them.

The children worked hard at it for a few days, but in vain. Then the teacher asked whether they had thought to arrange their characters and to count the number of each. They did so, producing the chart found on page 62. This did not help greatly until they were asked what letter predominated in English. No one knew. How could we find out? "Each count the letters on a page in some book and compare notes" was suggested. As no other way was proposed that day, each child took home his task and all reported "e" to be used the greatest number of times. But one lad, whose father was a newspaper editor, had found out that printers could tell not only the one letter most used, but knew the relative amount of use made of all the letters, and that their type cases were arranged to meet this necessity.

The boys then decided to interview different printers to see whether all agreed. All did virtually agree to the following list, which differs slightly from Poe's: e, n, a, d, o, t, h, s, r, l, c, u. Concerning the other letters of the alphabet there was no agreement save that the arrangement was immaterial.

In this study the children found that there is a real meaning to the term "lower-case letters," and that typewriting machines have letters of the keyboard so arranged that those most used can be most easily reached.

We grew so interested in printers' work that we

took up for "general lessons" (continuing them even after we began to read "The Gold Bug") the origin of printing, with the inventions of the Chinese, Germans, and French; also the earlier forms of writing—the waxed tablets and stylus, parchment scrolls, papyrus, etc. In this connection we found the biographies of Gutenberg, Caxton, and Franklin especially interesting.

Equally interesting topics, but not touched in the lessons described, are:

1. Manufacture of parchment and vellum.
2. Manufacture of first paper from papyrus.
3. Manufacture of paper to-day, including the process of making the "water-mark," which always attracts children.
4. The different sorts of paper and how made. Uses of each.
5. Book-making—complete process.
6. Picture-writing on bricks and stones; on tombs of Egyptians; on wampum belts; shown in Chinese language.
7. Indian sign languages.
8. How our English language grew.
   Old English studied.
   Chaucer's English studied.
   Compare both with English of present day.
   History of England connected therewith.

The children's curiosity and interest were not satiated by being helped to a *solution* of the puzzle, so they began the reading of the story with a two-fold interest, first, in the solution of the cipher, and, second, in the mystery which this cipher unraveled.

### GEOGRAPHY.

1. 10. Trace Legrand's journey by land from New Orleans to Sullivan's Island, naming important cities passed, and reviewing what has been studied of the industries of the South and the points of historical interest. Or, trace the journey by sea, reviewing whatever facts the teacher desires.

**2.** 14-40. Make a map of Sullivan's Island* and vicinity, according to this description. Use scale. First collect facts given, viz.:

*a*, Sea sand, hence practically level.

*b*, Three miles long.

*c*, Nowhere over one-fourth of a mile broad.

*d*, Separated from mainland by a scarcely perceptible creek.

*e*, On western end, Fort Moultrie, some old frame buildings, and palmetto trees.

*f*, On eastern end, Legrand's hut.

*g*, Sweet myrtle covered all of island save that described in *e* and a line of beach on the seacoast.

*h*, Charleston nine miles away (see note 3).

Compare this with a description of the present conditions of the island and vicinity.

MAP STUDY.

**3.** 64. In what latitude is Sullivan's Island? How does the Gulf Stream affect the temperature? Review the lesson on isothermals, tracing the lines which connect Charleston with other well-known places. What, then, shall we conclude the climate of this place to be? Is Poe correct?

**4.** 363. Mark on map the probable landing place of Jupiter and Mr. ——.

*a*, To northward of Fort Moultrie.

*b*, About a mile from west end, as the island was three miles long, and, after landing, the two men walked two miles to the hut on the eastern end.

**5.** 487. Trace on the map at the beginning of this volume the route pursued in "The Expedition," noticing the points of description.

*a*, Crossed creek at head of island by a skiff.

*b*, Ascended high grounds on shore of mainland.

*c*, Journeyed slightly northwest for two hours

* The map at the beginning of the story was made in 1900, and shows the present form of the island. The sands have shifted since Poe was there in 1827, but a dark line, indicating a ravine, marks the old shape.

(hence covered from six to eight miles) ere they entered the desolate region in which the "tree" is found.

*d*, The tree reached.

**6.** 1336. Locate Golconda. Also regions where the different jewels mentioned are abundantly found.

**7.** 1581, etc. Compare Legrand's journey in search of the tulip tree with that of "The Expedition" (note 5). What did he find which doesn't appear when all three go? Add to the map the probable locations of Bessop's plantation, manor house, Bessop's castle, and the tulip tree.

*a*, Ancient manor house four miles to northward.

*b*, Rock found (place not indicated, but probably not far away from plantation).

*c*, Devil's seat discovered.

1. East face of rock.
2. One yard below summit.
3. Seat projected eighteen inches.
4. Seat one foot wide.
5. Niche in cliff above made back.

*d*, Glass and compass obtained.

1. Tree located N. E. and by N., 21° 13′ elevation.
2. Skull discovered east side of tree. Rift in foliage.

**8.** 1635. Let children review their knowledge of the pocket compass and of the magnetic needle. Let them find N. E. and by N. with the compass.

**9.** 697. Here is an opportunity to review, or to teach, why the sun's rays shine first and last upon mountain tops. It will also help in the explanations of day and night. Let pupils draw a diagram illustrating the rising or setting sun, and showing how the first and last rays strike the earth's surface. Illustrate, also, with a candle, and a globe having on it some paper hills and mountains.

### HISTORY.

This may be little or much, as the teacher deems advisable. If the pupils are studying this subject, a

better locality cannot be found for its pursuance than old Fort Moultrie — built in 1776, of palmetto logs — Forts Wagener, Sumter, etc., all of which furnish a wealth of material.

SCIENCE.

*I. Botany.*

**10.** 20. The teacher may make a detailed study of the vegetation mentioned, namely, the palmetto, myrtle, tulip tree, etc.

*II. Physics and Chemistry.*

**11.** 889. Talk of methods of preserving wood from decay. We *paint* our houses. Fence-makers dip their posts into *creosote*, a strong poison.

Study has shown that "bichloride of mercury" does not actually mineralize the wood, as Poe says, but it, like creosote, is a powerful poison, and preserves the wood by making it impervious to the germs of decay. Bichloride of mercury is used in laboratories to preserve both animal and vegetable matter, a few drops only being necessary in a jar containing an animal's heart or lungs. A very tiny fraction of a grain of this most powerful poison is sufficient to kill a man.

**12.** 1203. Some experiments in invisible writing may be made, as follows:

*a*, One of the simplest is to write on linen paper with a solution of common starch. When dry, it is of course invisible. To make it visible, pour over the entire paper a *very weak* solution of iodine in water.

*b*, If a laboratory is convenient, secure a small quantity each of cobaltous chloride and cobaltous nitrate; dissolve each in water; use as a writing fluid upon any paper, although a paper of either red or yellow tint will give the best results. When ready to test, apply heat, as did Legrand to his parchment, and note results. The cobaltous chloride

should make an intense blue writing, and the nitrate a brown.

*Zaffre*, spelled also *zaffer*, and pronounced zăf' fẽr, is an impure oxide of cobalt, hence the above experiments would be equivalent to testing Poe's statement.

### *III. Mineralogy.*

**13.** 981. The study of the appearance, formation, preparation, and use of the different jewels mentioned will be found at least interesting. The joy expressed by the treasure-seekers in these jewels is evidently joy over their beauty. This might lead to a study of the symbolism of jewels and their colors, and to legends of precious gems. (See the appended Reading List.)

### *IV. Zoölogy.*

**14.** 2. Children are always interested in the *tarantula*, which is frequently brought to us in a bunch of bananas.

**15.** 112. The study of beetles may be exhaustive, if the curriculum permits it, as we have at our doors so many specimens of the tribe. Jupiter's unconscious pun upon *antennæ* will help children to fix *its* meaning.

**16.** 1082. The glow-worm and its cousin, the firefly, are best studied in the summer months, so we need only mention them here. Show how Legrand's thoughts were glow-worm-like in that, instead of being constant, they came by flashes, and were of short duration.

## MATHEMATICS.

### *I. Arithmetic.*

**17.** 719. Find area of space cleared at end of tape measure, if the diameter was four *feet*.

701. Review work in mensuration by letting pupils find area of space cleared by Legrand if the diameter equaled three yards; three and a half yards; four yards.

776. Estimate the cubical contents of the excavated space, five feet deep and four feet in diameter. How many loads of earth might have been hauled away? (One cubic yard is called a load.) What would it cost to haul it away at 15 cents a load?

783. Same for new area and depth, which were probably as follows: Diameter 6 feet, depth 7 feet.

**18.** 1685, etc. It certainly is to be regretted that Poe has here made a mathematical error, for much of the story's pleasure depends upon his statement that a difference of two and a half or three inches in the original "shot" throws him off the scent (line 1700).

Nevertheless it seems wise to let children see the error, and while it destroys the illusion created, it may make them more critical, and it certainly will not leave them with false ideas upon so simple a problem in arithmetic. The measurements given later are for proof only. It is best to let the children make their own measurements by questioning somewhat after the following manner:

Can you tell how long the limb was upon which the skull was fastened? Before to-morrow, measure the distance from the trunk of some large tree to a spot directly beneath the end of a large limb.

After the children have reported, the teacher may ask: On which limb was the skull placed? (Seventh from bottom.) Was it then, probably, the longest limb on the tree? About what length could it have been? Then how far from the tree did Legrand drive the first peg? How far beyond this peg did he measure? On paper, or on the blackboard, indicate the tree, which may have been two feet in diameter. Use a scale, and show the tree, the first peg 10 feet away, and the second peg 50 feet beyond the first one. About the last peg describe a circle 4 feet in diameter, or, with what radius? With the same center describe a second circle 6 feet in diameter to represent the enlarged limit. Now, as Legrand did, move the first peg 3 inches to the west and repeat the original measurements. At the end of this

second line, describe a circle 6 feet in diameter, as Poe says they made this somewhat larger than the first.

What is true of the circles? What is true of the ends of the two lines? Are they "several yards apart," as Poe states? Can we prove this in any other way? Yes, by simple proportion. The sides of these two triangles are coincident, so they are similar triangles, and we have the proportion,

10 ft. : 60 ft. : : 3 in. : 18 in.

Therefore, the right spot would have been found even if the radius of the first circle had been but two feet; much more surely, then, when the space was enlarged, previously to giving up hope and starting for home.

We could defend it in only one way, namely, that the chest was found on the very outer edge of the *larger* circle, in which case it might have been missed in the first digging. However, this is improbable, as the cipher indicated a definite spot, with no direction for excavating a circular space.

**19.** 892. Find the cubical contents of the chest, 3½ feet long, 3 feet wide, and 2½ feet deep. About what would the contents weigh if the specific gravity were 19?

**20.** 974. If money tables have been studied, let children name the *gold* coins of each country mentioned, with the relative value in United States money.

The English guinea is an old coin equal to 21 shillings instead of 20, the value of its present substitute, the sovereign, or pound.

### *II. Astronomy.*

**21.** 1636. Explain to children that the observer's body and a line from his feet to the horizon form a right angle. That a telescope directed to a point half way between the zenith and the above mentioned point in the horizon would form an angle of 45° with

the horizon line. Indicate the position for 22½°. It, therefore, would not be difficult to *guess* at 21° 13′ of elevation. Have the children draw a diagram to indicate this.

Now try looking at several trees in the distance. At what angle do you see the seventh limb? [We know the distance to be great, else a "good glass" (a strong telescope) would not have been necessary.]

DRAWING.

There is opportunity for many schoolroom lessons in drawing and in some manual-training work at home.

**22.** The terms *cylinder* (564), *diameter* (702), and *diagonally* (1249) are examples.

**23.** Illustrate in any convenient medium (clay, brush and ink, water-colors, charcoal, pencil, or crayon) the various scenes described.

**24.** 892. Draw the treasure-box, making it correct in proportion, and showing the lattice of iron-work, as well as the six iron rings in the lid. For home work induce the children to model a small box of correct proportions, using tin for the iron-work and for the six rings.

**25.** 92. Study Egyptian art, showing the scarabæus, the emblem of life and resurrection.

**26.** 108. Draw or paint a picture of the beetle as you imagine it from Legrand's description.

LANGUAGE.

The story is an excellent one for the study of the noun in apposition, and the punctuation of the same.

Information lessons upon any of the topics suggested by the story, or by the notes, may be made the basis of composition work.

**27.** 306. *a*, Copy Legrand's letter to his friend, studying the form and punctuation.

*b*, Study this letter as to thought. Why did Mr. —— worry over it? In what was the letter peculiar?

*(1)* Shows carelessness, *(2)* questions Mr. ——'s absence, *(3)* says he has something to tell, but wanders from subject and chats about Jupiter's intention of flogging him, *(4)* next talks of "*business* of *importance*," when he was a man of no business, *(5)* finally shows great anxiety to see Mr. ——.

How much of this letter was really necessary? (Last paragraph only.)

**28.** 313, 317. Study, in this connection, the uses of *should*, *would*, and *could*, always a difficult point.

**29.** 499. Let children reproduce the description of this wild region. Study "description" in language. See whether Poe meets the requirements.

**30.** 521, etc. Continue study of description and let children describe Jupiter's person by means of points incidentally given in story.

*a*, Negro.
*b*, Old man.
*c*, Squat figure.
*d*, Naked toes.
*e*, Sleeves rolled up or gone—"naked arms buried in gold."
*f*, One suspender used for dog.

**31.** Poe thoroughly understood the character of a Southern negro, so that a detailed study of Jupiter, as here represented, will help to an appreciation of all Southern stories in which the "old-time darky" figures. (See the appended Reading List.)

85, 86. *Hospitable*. "Grinning from ear to ear"; "bustled about to prepare the supper." The Southerners are noted for hospitality, and their retainers imbibe the same spirit. A guest is more than welcome. Most darkies make good cooks, even when previously trained for other service. Jupiter is cook, valet, butler, and confidential servant in one.

113. He listens to the conversation, and even interrupts to give his own opinions. This freedom is excusable when we think how much Jupiter is alone with Legrand—his sole companion in conversation.

248. Negroes are natural imitators. In speaking of his master's looks, he doesn't *describe;* he *acts*, "dis here way."

260. Being an old man, and having known "Massa Will" as a child, Jupiter assumes parental authority, which, as Legrand later says — in the letter — is "well-meant." Notice, however, that the severity all disappears at sight of Legrand's pale face.

301. The negro's humor is unconscious, but nevertheless enjoyable. When he cannot understand the gentleman's long speech, he pretends to think him ill or temporarily demented.

304. It is like an easy-going darky to talk upon many unrelated topics and waste much precious time before reaching the important part of his errand, namely, the delivery of the letter. We see again the ante-bellum days when time was not so carefully counted as it is to-day.

392. Jupiter does not mean to be impertinent, though his words sound so, when he refuses to touch the bug. He, like all of his race, is superstitious, and fully believes the bug to have bitten Legrand and produced insanity. He therefore does not wish to touch it.

466. Negroes, born and reared in a hot climate, are not naturally energetic, therefore Jupiter's insistence upon carrying the tools caused Mr. —— to study him. He thinks Jupiter is afraid to trust Legrand with the tools, and thus Mr. —— is confirmed in his opinion of Legrand's insanity.

525. Cautious: Would express no opinion about the tree until carefully inspected. Then boastful: "Could climb any tree he ebber see in he life."

538. Superstitious: Still afraid of bug, but will not admit it; says he was only "funnin," and yet carries bug as far from his person as possible.

730. Loyal to his master despite his seeming impertinence and presumption, Mr. —— knows that Jupiter would never unite with him against Legrand, even for Legrand's good. Contrast with note 392.

800. Fear of master exaggerated when the servant does not know cause for Legrand's disapproval.

923. Enjoyment of wealth. And yet the faithful servant cared about it more for his master's sake than for its intrinsic value. Negroes love to belong to "well-to-do massas." How Jupiter exaggerates his offense to the gold bug and how dramatic he is in his apology!

**32.** 1422. Make as long a list as possible of words containing *ee*.

WORD STUDY AND SPELLING.

No better story than "The Gold Bug" can anywhere be found from which to select words for spelling, for dictionary lessons, or for word study.

READING.

Under this head are grouped those topics which are essential in bringing about the best reading, yet cannot well be given elsewhere than in the reading class.

Teachers of fifth grade, or higher, should not fail to own Prof. S. H. Clark's "How to Teach Reading," as it gives teachers the standards of criticism, which all desire, as well as excellent methods of work.

**33.** 248. Here is an opportunity for dramatic reading, as the child imitates Jupiter's representation of his master with head down, shoulders up, and an absent look upon his face. This entire conversation could profitably be committed to memory and given as dialogue by several pairs of children.

**34.** 446. Ask children: "How much of this paragraph is said aloud? What words are said as an aside? How do you know? Read it so."

**35.** 536. Do you think Legrand had only that moment thought of having Jupiter take the bug? Why did he not tell Jupiter before? Why did he say it so carelessly? Compare this seeming indifference with his statement in the last paragraphs of the story.

**36.** 140, 762, 868. Wolf's delight in seeing Mr. ——, and his evident interest in the search for treasure, turn the reader's thoughts towards stories of dogs and their intelligence. (See Reading List.)

**37.** 545, 636. These dashes indicate threats which Legrand makes to Jupiter, but, as they are silent threats, to be effective the reader must put himself into Legrand's mood of intense excitement and nervous fear for the failure of his plan. Then, by significant looks and appropriate gestures, the unvoiced threat will be as strong as any words could make it.

**38.** 1510. To save the teacher time, a complete list of the figures used in the cipher, and their equivalents, is here given. The children may be asked to make such a list:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 5 | represents | a | * | represents | n |
| 2 | " | b | ‡ | " | o |
| — | " | c | . | " | p |
| † | " | d | ( | " | r |
| 8 | " | e | ) | " | s |
| 1 | " | f | ; | " | t |
| 3 | " | g | ? | " | u |
| 4 | " | h | ¶ | " | v |
| 6 | " | i | ] | " | w |
| 0 | " | l | : | " | y |
| 9 | " | m | | | |

The letters j, k, q, x, and z do not occur in the cipher.

**39.** 1741. Although these last paragraphs suggest such an atrocious deed, the teacher may show her students that this evil man was duly punished for his deed of violence and treachery in the loss of his hoarded treasure.

**40.** 1380, 1508. The teacher should not fail to emphasize the fact that the intellectual interest shown in studying out the cryptograph, and in seeking and finding the treasure, is so much greater than the delight in the treasure itself.

She might also point out the absence of all jealous strife as to the division of the spoils — one of the finer features of the story.

As an antidote to any gold-craving influences which the story might arouse, the children could next read "The Golden Touch," by Hawthorne, or hear read some poems on contentment. Eugene Field gives one, and there is that beautiful song of Thomas Dekker's, "O Sweet Content":

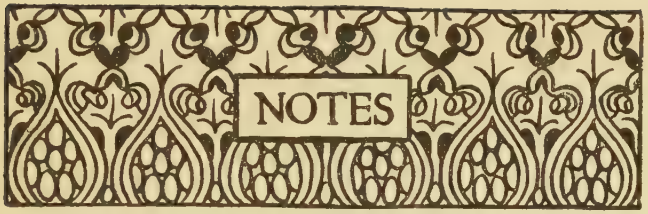
O SWEET CONTENT!

"Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

"Canst drink the waters of the crispéd spring?
O sweet content!
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!"




(*The numbers refer to lines in the text.*)

All words that can be found in Webster's Academic Dictionary have been left undefined.

3. *All in the Wrong* is the name of a comedy, written by Arthur Murphy, an Irish playwright of good standing, born in 1727, died in 1805.

7. The *Huguenots* (hū′ gē nŏts) were French Protestants who settled in New York, Virginia, South Carolina, etc. The name was first used in 1560, as a political nickname. In this connection read "The Battle of Ivry," by Macaulay.

20. This allusion to the *marsh-hen* might lead to the reading of selections, at least, from Sidney Lanier's "The Marshes of Glynn," especially the following lines, which children could memorize:

> "As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
> Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
> I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
> In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:"

27. The *palmetto* is a tree varying from twenty to thirty-five feet in height, and abounding along the southeastern coast of the United States. South Carolina, the "Palmetto State," has the palmetto represented on her flag and seal.

31. The *myrtle* is a bush or small tree with shining evergreen leaves and fragrant white flowers. It is common in Southern Europe.

51. *Jan Swämmerdämm* was a Dutch naturalist, especially noted for his knowledge of anatomy and entomology. He was born in 1637, and died in 1680.

92. *Scarabæus* (scâr' à bæ' ŭs), plural, *scarabæi* (scâr' à bæ' ī), is a Latin name for one genus of beetle. *Scarabæus caput hominis* (căp' ŭt hŏm' ĭ nĭs), the name of the species, means *beetle with the head of man.*

Egyptian art shows the scarab in many forms, as the beetle was there worshiped as the symbol of resurrection and life.

249. *Soldiers*=shoulders. *Gose*=ghost.

252. *Syphon*=ciphering.

255. *Noovers*=maneuvers.

304. *Pissel*=epistle.

309. *Brusquerie* (brŭs' ke rē) is a French word for bruskness or abruptness.

368. *Empressement* (ōn prĕs' mōn) is a French word for eagerness or cordiality.

391. Legrand speaks of the gold of which the bug is an *index*, or a *pointer*. Again, he says the bug is the *index* to his fortune, causing his friend to think him insane. An *index* is *something which shows* or *points out*.

413. Legrand persists in his superstitious belief that the bug is sent to *further the views of Fate*. This last word is usually found in the plural, as there were thought to be three *Fates* who ruled one's life. They are frequently called the "Destinies" or "Parcæ." One held the spindle, distaff, or "rocke" (Spenser). One spun out the thread of life; and the third, with enormous scissors, cut the thread at life's end.

In his "Fairie Queen," Spenser vividly portrays the sisters, their abode, and their work. See Book IV., Canto II., last eight stanzas, of which the following is a part:

> "There she them found all sitting round about,
> The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,
> And with unwearied fingers drawing out
> The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.
> Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
> By griesly Lachesis was spun with paine,
> That cruell Atropos eftsoones undid,
> With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine."

This subject should not be left without a thorough study of Michael Angelo's famous picture of "The Fates," as well as the more modern one by Thumann.

515. The *tulip tree*, scientifically called *Liriodendron tulipifera*, belongs to the magnolia family, and truly answers to Poe's description of it. The flower looks like a yellow tulip, and the bright green leaf is peculiarly emarginate, or retuse, at the apex. Contrast this tree—with a skull upon its branches, guarding the secret of ill-gotten treasure—with "Ygdrasil," the immortal ash tree, beloved of the Norse gods.

972. *Tables of the period* refers to tables, found in most older arithmetics, showing equivalent money-values in coins of various countries.

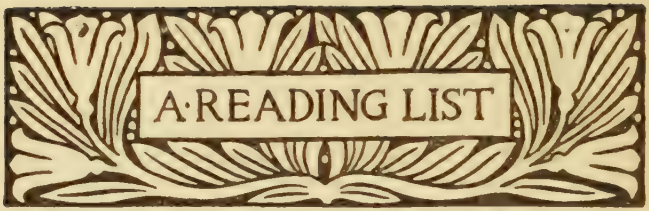
998. *Bacchanalian figures* were dancing men and women. *Bacchus*, the Roman god of wine, was yearly given a festival, called the *Bacchanal*, at which drinking and dancing were freely indulged in. A punch-bowl is suitably decorated with these figures.

1034. *Parchment* is the skin of either sheep or goats, prepared for use chiefly as writing material. The skin is first soaked in lime water to remove the hair. It is then shaved, washed, dried, stretched, and smoothed with chalk and pumice stone. *Vellum* is a fine parchment made from the skins of calves, kids, or lambs.

1245. *Captain William Kidd*, a notorious pirate, was hanged in London in 1701. A portion of the treasure which he stole is supposed to have been buried on Gardiner's Island, New York, but no part of it has ever been unearthed.

1290-1300. This is the only complicated sentence in the story, and the thought may be better understood if it is divided into sections.

1336. *Golconda* (gŏl cŏn′ dȧ), a city (and formerly the capital) of India, is noted for its fort, its mausoleums of ancient kings, and for the diamonds which were cut and polished there. See "The Boy Mineral Collectors" (*Kelley*), especially Chapter XIX.




I. For Poe's Biography.

1. Woodberry's "Life of Poe" in "American Men of Letters" series.
2. Higginson's "Short Studies of American Authors."
3. Poe Letters in New York, Cent. 26:854.
   Poe Letters in the South, Cent. 26:572.
   Poe Letters in Philadelphia, Cent. 26:725.
4. Poe's Opinion of the Raven, Forum 22:731.
5. Legendary Years of Poe, Atlantic 54:814.

*Life in English Schools.*

6. Poe's "William Wilson."
7. Hughes' "Tom Brown's School Days."
8. Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby."
9. De Quincey's "Works," edited by Masson,

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Bibliographical Note.—"The Gold Bug" was written at Philadelphia in 1842, and sold the following year to George R. Graham for $52 for publication in *Graham's Magazine*. Mr. Graham, however, did not like it, and by exchanging some critical articles for it Poe received back the MS. and submitted it to judges of a $100 prize story competition offered by *The Dollar Newspaper*, which was edited by N. P. Willis and Joseph Sailer. "The Gold Bug" received the award, and was published in two parts; the first part June 22, 1843, and the second part (together with the first) June 29, 1843. On July 7, 1843, it was published again with other prize tales as a supplement to this newspaper. The first appearance in book form was in "Tales, by Edgar A. Poe," New York: Wiley and Putnam, 1845; and later in the first collective edition, "Poe's Works," with a memoir by R. W. Griswold, and notices by N. P. Willis and J. R. Lowell, New York, 1850.

Autobiography, Vol. I., Chapter VIII. ("The Nation of London"), p. 201 —"fagging."

10. Kipling's "Stalky & Co."

*Life in American Schools.*

11. Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle."
12. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's "Boys at Chequasset."
13. Phelps' "Gypsy's Sowing and Reaping."
14. Phelps' "Donald Marcy."
15. Eggleston's "Hoosier School Boy."

*Italian School Life.*

16. "Cuore," by De Amicis.

II. Treasure Stories.

(Some are introduced to show that treasure is not of one kind only. See 7, 12, and 13, for example.)

1. "Treasure Island." Stevenson.
2. "Treasure of Franchard." Stevenson.
3. "Merry Men." Stevenson.
4. "Nellie's Silver Mine." H. H. Jackson.
5. "Westward Ho." Kingsley.
6. "Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure." Hawthorne.
7. "The Black Tulip," by Dumas, adapted to children's reading by Peter Parley (Goodrich), in an old book called "Parley's Present."
9. Tales from the "Arabian Nights Entertainment" by Horace E. Scudder in "The Children's Book." (Especially "Aladdin," "Ali Baba," etc.)

"Search for the Golden Fleece," etc., in—

*a*, Kingsley's "Greek Heroes."
*b*, Francellon's "Gods and Heroes."
*c*, Church's "Stories of the Old World."
*d*, Scudder's "The Children's Book."
*e*, Lamb's "Tales of Ulysses" in "Heart of Oak," Vol. III., by Norton.
*f*, Lowell's "Jason's Quest."

10. "Queen Hildegarde." Richards.

11. "Alhambra." Irving.
12. "King of the Golden River." Ruskin.
13. "Picciola." Santaine.
14. "Aztec Treasure House." Janvier.
15. "Search for the Silver City." Otis.
16. "Big Horn Treasure." Cargill.
17. "Captain Bayley's Heir." Henty.
18. "Golden Days of '49." Munroe.
19. "Lost Gold of the Montezumas." Stoddard.
20. "Real Gold." Fenn.

III. Piracy.

1. "Capt. Wm. Kidd." J. S. C. Abbot.
2. "A Study in Piracy" (humorous). Daskam in *McClure's Magazine* for April, 1901.
3. "Iron Pirate." Pemberton.
4. Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast." Stockton.
5. "Darien: or Merchant Prince." Warburton.
6. "Pirate City." Ballantyne.

IV. Gems or Jewels.

1. "Stories of Famous Precious Stones." Orpen.
2. "The Boy Mineral Collectors." (Especially Chaps. XIV. and XIX.) Kelley.
3. "The Luminous Carbuncle." Gesta Romanorum. (Tale 107.)
4. "Ring of Polycrates." Schiller.
5. "The Moonstone." Collins.
6. "The Great Carbuncle." Hawthorne.
7. "The Great Hoggarty Diamond." Thackeray.
8. "Jewel Mysteries I Have Known." Pemberton.
9. "Jewel of Ynns Galon." Rhoscomil.
10. "One Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Verne.

V. Detective Stories.

These should first be read by the teacher, and selections read to the students, or, at least, only such parts recommended as will in no case increase the nervousness of a child.

1. "The Sign of the Four." Doyle.
2. "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." Doyle.
3. Short stories on this order by Gaboriau, A. K. Green, Hawthorne, Reade, Poe ("Murders of the Rue Morgue," for example), De Quincey ("The Avenger," for example).
4. "The Unfathomable Mystery." Thompson, in "Centeola."

VI. References for Cryptography.

1. "The Giant Raft," Part II. Verne.
2. "The Cryptogram." De Mille.
3. "The Great Cryptogram." Donnelly.
4. "Cryptography." Poe.

VII. Picture Writing.

1. Chinese —"The Middle Kingdom," Vol. I., Chap. X.; Williams. *Ladies' Home Journal*, Oct., 1900.
2. Egyptian —"History of Herodotus," Vol. II., Chap. V.; Rawlinson. "Egypt, Past and Present"; Adams.
3. Aztec —"The Aztecs, Their History, Manners, and Customs." Biart.
4. Indian —"Tracts for Archæologists (Reprints from Various Periodicals)"; Lewis. "Picture Writing of the American Indians"; Mallery. "Prehistoric Races of the U. S. of America"; Foster.
5. General —"The Story of the Alphabet" (excellent); Clodd. "A History of the World —Earliest Peoples"; Ragozin. "Origin of Civilization"; Lubbock.

VIII. Dog Stories.

1. "A Dog of Flanders." Ouida.
2. "Rab and His Friends." Brown.
3. "Beautiful Joe." Saunders.
4. "Loveliness." Phelps.
5. "Bobtail Dixie." Nora Smith.

6. Two dog stories in "Wild Animals I Have Known." Ernest Seton Thompson.
7. "Diomed." John Sergeant Wise.
8. "Jerry the Blunderer." Wesselhoeft.
9. "Old Sultan's Thanksgiving. Wesselhoeft.
10. "Dorothy and Her Dog." Wesselhoeft.
11. "A Dog's Mission." Stowe.
12. "Black Poodle." Anstey.
13. "Don, the Story of a Greedy Dog." Anstey.
14. "Llewellyn and His Dog." Southey.
    This same story may be found in prose in—
    *a*, "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages." Baring Gould (Dog Gellert).
    *b*, "Gesta Romanorum." Tale 26.
15. "Twa Dogs." Burns.
16. "Bruno." Dewey.
17. "Captain Fritz." Miller.
18. "Under the Lilacs." Alcott.
19. "Vic, the Autobiography of a Scotch Terrier." March.
20. "Bob, Son of Battle." Ollivant.
21. "The Animal Story Book Reader" (after Dumas). Lang.
22. "Anecdotes of Dogs." Jesse.
23. "Cats, Dogs, and Other Friends." Johonnot.
24. "Our Home Pets." Miller.
25. "Friends and Helpers." Eddy.
26. Stories of dogs in connection with "Ulysses"; Lamb. "Childe Harold"; Byron. "Rip Van Winkle"; Irving. "Waverly Novels"; Scott. Biography of Scott. Biography of Landseer. Monks of St. Bernard.

## IX. Showing Negro Fidelity, Courage, etc.

1. "The Black Regiment" (poem). Boker.
2. "Ready" (poem). Phoebe Carey.
3. "How He Saved St. Michael's" (poem). Stansbury.
4. "Phut White" in "A Brave Baby." Wiltse.

5. "An Easter Story" in "A Brave Baby." Wiltse.
6. "Toussaint L'Ouverture." Wendell Phillips.
7. "Toussaint L'Ouverture." Whittier.
8. "Poems on Slavery." Longfellow.
9. "Voices of Freedom." Whittier.
10. Authors, most of whose works portray the devotion of negroes, after freedom, to their former owners, or the attractive features of negro character in general —
    *a*, Thomas Nelson Page.
    *b*, Ruth McEnery Stuart.
    *c*, James Lane Allen.
    *d*, Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus").
    *e*, Charles Egbert Craddock.
    *f*, George W. Cable.
    *g*, F. Hopkinson Smith ("Colonel Carter of Cartersville").

X. Additional Authors.

To be connected with Poe, or to be read to illustrate some point suggested by the story.

1. Poems by Timrod. (Born in Charleston.)
2. Poems by Haynes (father and son). (Born in Charleston.)
3. Poems by Sidney Lanier, especially "Marshes of Glynn."

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